

COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED

JOURNAL OF ART

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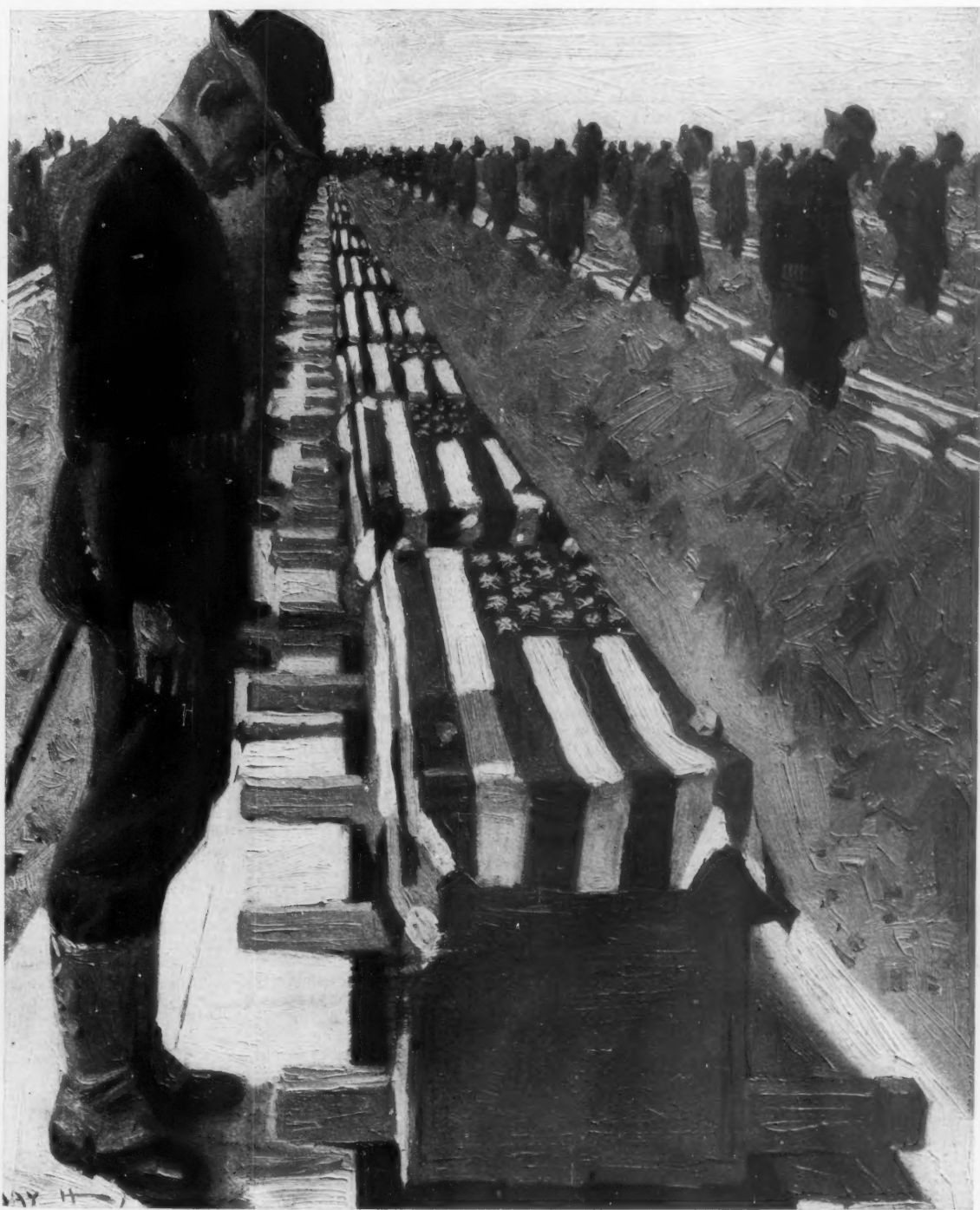
CURRENT EVENTS

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THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

IN THE ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY, ON APRIL 6, THREE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX OF OUR SOLDIERS WHO FELL IN THE CONFLICT WITH SPAIN WERE BURIED BY THE NATION WITH ALL THE HONORS OF WAR—(See page 3)

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY JAY HAMBIDGE

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AND CURRENT EVENTS

EDITORIAL AND GENERAL OFFICES

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NEW YORK APRIL TWENTY-SECOND 1899

OUR PROCLAMATION TO THE FILIPINOS

THE TEXT OF THE PROCLAMATION issued on April 4 by the United States Commissioners to the people of the Philippine Islands deserves careful consideration, both on its own account, and by reason of the circumstances under which it was put forth.

We should first answer the preliminary question, Why was not the proclamation issued earlier? Why was it deferred until more than eleven months had elapsed since Dewey's victory at Cavité? Because, technically, the Filipinos remained subjects of Spain up to the hour when the treaty of peace was signed by the Queen Regent, Christina. We have, in truth, occupied an anomalous position in the Philippines since the signing of the protocol, which simply gave us, it will be remembered, the right to occupy Manila pending the negotiation of a treaty, but conferred upon us no authority, even provisional, in the rest of Luzon, or in any of the other islands. Even after a treaty had been framed by the joint commission in Paris, it acquired no validity until it had been signed by the Spanish sovereign on the one hand and the President of the United States upon the other. During the period, however, that intervened between these events, the Spanish commander-in-chief in the archipelago withdrew from Iloilo to a fortified place in Mindanao, and thus compelled us to take possession of the Visayan group, in order to protect the lives and property of foreigners. At Manila our soldiers would have remained inactive within their lines until the treaty had been signed, had they not been attacked by the native forces under Aguinaldo, and thus been compelled to fight in self-defence. The fighting once begun, the announcement of a conciliatory programme on our part would have been misconstrued as a sign of weakness, even if we had possessed the right to treat the islands as our property before the act of cession had been formally completed. On April 4, however, both of the objections to a declaration of our intention had been obviated. The treaty of peace had been signed by the Queen of Spain, and, after a series of successful engagements, our troops had occupied Malolos, which Aguinaldo's followers had made their civil and military headquarters. The time, in other words, had arrived when we could say not only that the Philippines had become our property, but that we had the power to hold them. Hence the proclamation put forth at Manila by our commissioners not only is an admirable document, but had the additional merit of opportuneness.

There is one other question to which we should reply before examining the document. What need was there, say the anti-expansionists, of announcing the principles on which we purpose to govern the Philippines? Why should we govern them at all? Why should we not permit Aguinaldo and his followers to set up an independent government of their own, or, if that course be deemed impracticable, why should we not transfer the islands to some power better adapted than are the United States to the management of transmarine possessions? We answer that, when we subverted the authority of Spain in the Philippine archipelago, we made ourselves responsible for the security of the lives and property of foreigners sojourning therein. We could not shirk that responsibility by abandoning the islands to Aguinaldo, and to the intertribal wars and anarchy which must have been the outcome of his attempt to rule them. Foreign powers would have justly held us liable for the injuries inflicted upon their subjects or citizens by a native government which would be indebted to us for its existence. No doubt a European power, like England, if it acquired from us the Philippines by

purchase or exchange, would accept and support the responsibility of protecting the lives and property of foreigners. It is by no means certain, however, that other European nations would be willing to let England secure a position of so great strategic value from the viewpoint of the threatened struggle for ascendancy in China. Neither is it, by any means, certain that England would desire to buy from us the Philippines, either by paying us a reasonable price in money or by giving us the British West Indies in exchange. It is quite possible that England would rather have us for neighbors in the Far East than obtain the Philippines herself. The hour may come when she will need naval assistance in Chinese waters, and this she could count upon getting from the United States, if, through our retention of the Philippines, we should become an Asiatic power. That would be the secret reason for her refusal to purchase the islands herself, or to countenance their sale to any other European nation.

There seems, therefore, to be only one practicable solution of the Philippine problem, namely, that we should keep the islands and make the best of them. The task having been accepted, our commissioners recognized on April 4 that the time was ripe for deciding how we should endeavor to discharge it. They proceeded accordingly in their proclamation, which was printed in the English, Spanish, Tagal and Visayan languages, to invite the attention of the Filipinos to the regulative principles by which the United States will be guided in their relations with them. In the first place, the Filipinos are bidden to dismiss, for the present at all events, the hope of creating a wholly independent State. Upon this point, the declaration is unmistakable and peremptory. The supremacy of the United States will be enforced in every part of the archipelago, and those who resist it must expect the punishment administered for a breach of the peace. Our commissioners, however, are equally explicit in asserting that to the Philippine people will be granted the most ample liberty and largest measure of self-government which are reconcilable with the maintenance of a wise, just, stable, effective and economical administration of public affairs, and compatible with the sovereign rights and international obligations of the United States. The commissioners promise that all the civil rights of the Philippine people shall be guaranteed and protected in the fullest extent; that, for the first time in the history of the islands, religious freedom shall be assured and that all persons shall be equal in the eyes of the law. The United States government is, further, pledged to establish a pure, speedy and effective administration of justice, whereby may be eradicated the evils which have hitherto resulted from judicial corruption and delay. Effective provision will be made, moreover, for the establishment of elementary schools in which the children of the people may be educated, and appropriate facilities will be provided for a higher education. We presume, although the commissioners do not explain their views upon this point, that, for some time to come, the language taught in the common schools will be Spanish, but that English will be gradually introduced, and that, even now, the higher educational institutions will be bi-lingual.

As Sir Stamford Raffles showed in Java, it is economical, even more than political reforms, that lie at the root of good government in the tropics. This truth seems to have been fully recognized by the commissioners. They lay much stress upon the declaration that, hereafter, the collection and application of all taxes and other revenues will be placed on a sound economical basis. Here, also, a lesson may be drawn from the experience of Java. No long time elapsed after the introduction of fiscal reform by Sir Stamford Raffles before the revenue was multiplied many times, while, at the same time, the burden of taxation was less felt by the individual producer.

If the vast natural resources of the Philippines are to be turned quickly and fully to account, the means of internal communication and transportation will have to be signally improved, and the whole system of customs duties and regulations will have to be revolutionized. The commissioners show themselves alive to the imperative necessity of changes in these directions, for they promise that the construction of roads, railroads and other public works shall be promoted, and that the arrangements made for domestic and foreign trade shall be framed with a single eye to the development of the islands and the interests of their inhabitants. It is obvious that, if the products of the Philippines could obtain free access to the markets of the United States, a tremendous impetus would be imparted to the native industries. Even if those products should have to pay certain duties in our ports, the output of them would be greatly stimulated by the abolition of the export duties which the Spaniards used to levy, and by the extirpation of the corruption which used to pervade the custom houses and internal revenue offices. By way of guarantee against extortion and speculation on the part of office-holders, the commissioners promise the introduction of an honest and efficient civil service, in which, to the largest practicable extent, natives are to be employed.

On the whole, it seems impossible that intelligent men, of whom there are many among Aguinaldo's followers, can read the proclamation put forth by our commissioners and fail to be convinced that the purpose of our Government is, not to use the Philippine archipelago as an object of exploitation, but to promote the welfare and advancement of their inhabitants.



THE HOLD OF THE FUNERAL TRANSPORT CROOK

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD



ARLINGTON, MT. HOPE
AND
CYPRESS HILL



FUNERAL CORTÈGE PASSING UNDER WASHINGTON ARCH

(Special Correspondence of *COLLIER'S WEEKLY*)

WASHINGTON, April 6, 1899

"Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air:
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from War his richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave."

THEODORE O'HARA.

WITH FULL HONORS of war, on the southern crest of Arlington Hill in plain view of the national Capitol, the soldiers who died in battle against Spain have been buried by the nation. Their bodies were laid away in the same ground where lie the ashes of countless thousands who gave up their lives in the Civil War, and where befell the earliest tragedy of the Civil War, now waved the Stars and Stripes. Under its folds, side by side, stood Major McKinley and "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, now grizzled veterans of the Blue and of the Gray.

Arlington Cemetery stands out unique among the graveyards of the world. Here, in the Keystone State of the Confederacy, within the family estate of the greatest Southern general, Robert E. Lee, lie the ashes of twenty-two thousand Northern soldiers, officers and privates, known and unknown, which every Memorial Day blossom forth in flowers and little American flags. One grave alone holds the remains of two thousand nameless heroes who fell in the Wilderness.

The new burial plot, selected for the Nation's newest dead, is an ideal spot. It lies on the southern slope of Arlington Hill, looking out over the broad sweep of the Potomac and across to where the towering shaft of the Washington Monument and the burnished dome of the new Congressional Library can be seen glistening in the sun. On the right hand rise the ramparts of old Fort McPherson; to the left lie the numberless mounds of a former generation of soldiers, while in the rear stand the historic mansions of the Curtises and Lees, surmounted by Fort Meyer. Surely no better site could be found for those who at the end of this century have fallen, like their fathers, fighting for their country.

This time the memorial services were held over but three hundred and thirty-six men, all told, but had there been another score of thousands, their hecatomb

could not have been more solemn or more imposing. Throughout the length and breadth of the United States flags floated at half-mast to mourn the Nation's dead. At their graves the Nation was represented by its Chief Magistrate, President McKinley, with all the heads of the great executive branches of the Government; by the commanding general of the Army, with his rank and file, representing the threefold branches of the service—infantry, cavalry and artillery; by the Navy with the Marine Corps; by members of the Senate and House of Representatives; by the Church, Catholic and Protestant; and by the People of America, white and black, rich and poor, over fifteen thousand in number. Foreign governments were represented by the military attaché of the British Embassy, the German military and naval attachés, the Japanese minister, and the entire legation of distant Korea.

Long before the President arrived the crowd had begun to pour into the cemetery by thousands. Most of these had to walk, for transportation facilities were limited. By two o'clock, the hour set for the ceremonies, some fifteen thousand persons were pressing against the ropes. Relatives of the dead were admitted within the enclosure. At the head of the first line of caskets were those of five officers: Captain Edgar Hubert, Eighth Infantry; Lieutenant William Wood, Twelfth Infantry; Lieutenant L. I. Barnett, Ninth Infantry; Lieutenant R. S. Tubman, Sixth Infantry, and Lieutenant Francis Creighton, Volunteer Signal Corps. That of Lieutenant Cook, son of Captain Cook, U.S.A., bore a magnificent floral emblem, representing a Union shield, with crossed guns above it in blue and white immortelles. On the box, also, was his sword, and his father and mother and sister were present during the ceremonies.

Of the three hundred and thirty-six officers and men who came to their death in Cuba and Puerto Rico, full seventy per cent were identified. Their names were painted on the headboards of the caskets. Of some of the others the military command in which they were enrolled were known, while others were not identified in any way.

After the hour set for the funeral the remains of the late Captain Dodge, of the Twenty-fourth Infantry, the colored regiment which distinguished itself in the charge on El Caney, arrived just in time to be interred with the ashes of his comrades in the officers' section of the new burial plot.

Early in the afternoon, shortly after the time set, President McKinley arrived, accompanied by General Wheeler. He was followed by his Cabinet officers and a military escort led by General Miles and the foreign military attachés, all mounted. Only with the greatest difficulty had a way been cleared for them through the vast concourse. Just as the President arrived there occurred a pathetic incident. An aged couple pressed through the cordon of soldiery and placed a bunch of roses on the coffin of their son, John O'Dowd of the Seventh Infantry. The parents of Lieutenant Wood of the Twelfth Infantry also came forward and laid a wreath over the hilt of the dead officer's sword. Then a military band played the "Dead March" and the President bared his head. From Fort Meyer came the dull boom of cannon.

The burial service itself was simple to a degree. There was no particular order in the way the coffins were placed, except that the six caskets containing the bodies of officers were grouped together at the head of the line of graves where stood the President. Over every coffin was draped an American flag. The troops were formed around the burial plot, on three sides of a rectangle, and files of soldiers were marched between the ranks of the dead. Beside the open space at the head of the graves stood the artillerymen who were to fire the last salute. As the Fourth Artillery band broke into the solemn strains of "Nearer My God to Thee," Post Chaplain Freeland of Fort Monroe and Father McGee, the representative of the Cardinal, followed by three acolytes in purple robes, advanced to the open graves. The chaplain read the military committal service of the Episcopal Church, while Father McGee read the burial service of the Catholic Church in English, beginning with the One Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm—"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord!" Then he sprinkled the earth with holy water and thus turned it into consecrated ground. When the holy service was over there was a momentary silence. Presently a bugle sounded, and the soldiers standing by the graves dropped clods of earth on the coffins. Another silence, then a rolling volley rang forth, followed by two sharp cracks of volley fire. The chief trumpeter of the artillery band stepped to the front and, putting the bugle to his lips, slowly, in measured tones, blew "Taps."

It was the soldiers' farewell to their comrades. The



ARRIVAL OF CAISSONS WITH BODIES AT THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT ARMORY, NEW YORK



CHAPLAIN BRADSHAW READING THE SERVICE FOR THE DEAD AT MT. HOPE CEMETERY, APRIL 2

President was visibly affected. General Wheeler turned aside and said: "It's a sad bugle call. When 'tis blown that way over a soldier's grave, it always brings tears to my eyes." There was a slight quaver in his voice, and suddenly there rose up before my eyes again the scene when the body of General Wheeler's heroic son was borne past our ranks on an artillery caisson, and we saw our old general following behind with his white head bowed on his breast. It was a sad journey back to Washington, just as it had been a sad journey for those who accompanied the funeral train from New York to Washington.

The ceremonies were over. The actual service lasted scarcely half an hour, but throughout the rest of the day the muffled sound of half-hourly guns came booming down the wind from Fort Meyer. The President and his party returned to the city at once. The greater part of the crowd lingered reverently about the graves. Slowly the relatives and friends of the dead soldiers took their last farewell of those they had loved so much in life, and withdrew. Then the caskets were lowered and the gravediggers began their work of covering them with earth. Spaces were left where the remains of those who have been killed in the Philippines are still to be laid away.

As the crowds poured out of the cemetery gates they passed an iron tablet, on which were inscribed these lines from O'Hara's funeral poem, quoted at the head of this article:

"Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear as the blood ye gave.
No impious footstep here shall tread
The herbage of your grave."

A few days previous to this it had been my lot to assist at two similar military funerals. One was the service held at Mount Hope Cemetery, near New York, when the fallen members of the Seventy-first New York Volunteers were laid to rest. This was preceded by an imposing military cortege up Fifth Avenue.

There were fourteen caskets, containing the bodies of the men who were shot to pieces while awaiting the order to advance at the "Bloody Bend" of the San Juan River. They were incased in pine boxes, on the head-boards of which the names and rank of the dead were painted. Seven artillery caissons belonging to the First and Second Batteries received them. Two coffins were placed on each caisson, and American flags were draped over them.

Flags floated at half-mast on almost every building of Wall Street, where the procession formed. As the head of the column approached Broadway the chimes of Trinity Church began playing "Nearer My God to Thee." When the first gun-carriage turned up Broadway the chimes ceased for a moment and then played "Rock of Ages." It was an inspiring tribute to the dead from the brazen bells aloft, and effectually hushed the multitude. While passing St. Paul's Churchyard, where General Montgomery, who fell in the attack on Quebec in 1775, and other Americans who have died for their country are buried, the bells tolled solemnly until the procession had passed. Other churches on the line of march paid similar respect to the dead. From the Federal Building and hundreds of business houses and other places flags were hung at half-staff. All the way up Broadway the crowds of business men who lined the sidewalk stood with heads uncovered. At Prince Street one woman, dressed in deep mourning, whose son was a member of the regiment, and who lost his life in the war, was overcome with grief and nearly fainted. Bystanders had to support her. Near Union Square the procession turned off west to Washington Square, and passed through the Washington Arch into Fifth Avenue. Here the escort of Seventy-first Regiment Veterans, all gray-haired men, who had served through the Civil War, advanced to the head of the line and formed on either side of the avenue. The regiment following the caissons then marched between the lines up Fifth Avenue.

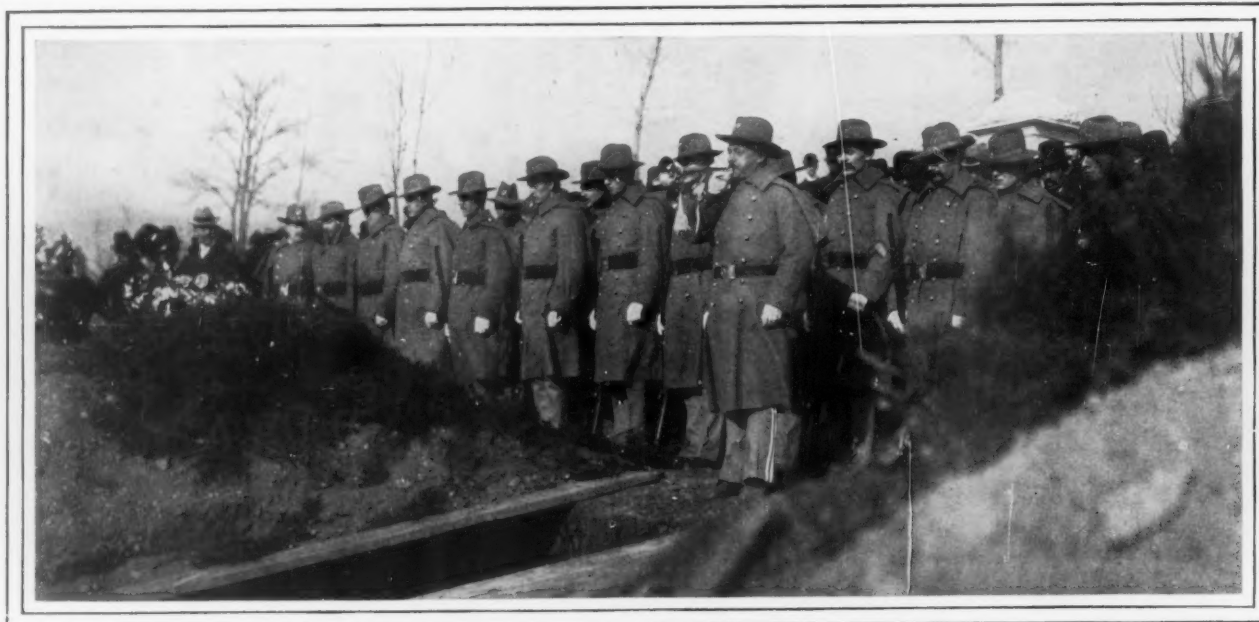
At Fourteenth Street there was an immense crowd. At Twenty-third Street there was also a large concourse, and all the way up the avenue to Thirty-fourth Street thousands were waiting to see the sad home-coming of New York's gallant dead.

Turning into Thirty-fourth Street, the regiment formed in line and allowed the gun-carriages, with their burdens, to proceed to the massive gateway of the armory. In the building there was another large crowd, among which were many relatives and friends of the dead soldiers. Seats had been arranged for the immediate relatives and friends on the drill floor, facing the stands on which the caskets were placed. The galleries of the armory were filled with former members of the regiment and their friends.

After the caskets had been carried from the gun-carriages to the drill floor and placed in two rows near the west end of the armory, the regiment marched in with guns trailing. The two battalions were formed in company front, with their officers at the front and centre. Colonel Francis assumed command as the regiment entered the armory. A number of wreaths were placed on some of the caskets, and all had flowers of some kind. None were forgotten.

The regimental chaplain, Rev. Mr. Bradshaw, read the services. He spoke in this wise:

"Men, we have met to pay a loving but farewell tribute to soldier brothers. They were men of rare courage and valor, filled with love of life and country. While the vital blood of youth still coursed through their veins and all life seemed before, they heard, above the roar of battle, a bugle sound from the other world calling them to a noble sacrifice. They were true, heroic soldiers, and obeyed. They put aside their arms, wrapped themselves in their blankets, and fell into that dreamless sleep that presses down their eyelids still. We, with one voice, say to-day, 'Nobly done,' and may the living power of that which lived live on. Our hearts well up with delicate emotions, and we wish that each



"TAPS"—THE SOLDIERS' FAREWELL



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNEST C. ROTH

THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES IN ARLINGTON CEMETERY

tender thought were a rose, so that our hero comrades might be buried beneath an exhaustless wealth of flowers.

"Soon we shall hear the volleys fired over the new-made graves. As the sound floats away upon the air and we turn again to the hurry of life, we will know we have not left them there—they live. They have not died in vain.

"Men, let us take the blood of sacrifice and learn its lessons by making ourselves living sacrifices, to do in life what others did by death. Let us be men—men worthy to be called Americans, men serving our home, our city, our country, civilization, mankind.

At the conclusion of the service the band played "The Dead March" and Chopin's "Funeral Anthem."

A guard was placed around the coffins and the regiment dispersed. On the following day, a Sunday, the bodies were taken to Mount Hope Cemetery on a special train, and were there laid to rest with full military honors.

The other burial was that of a single man, mounted policeman Haywood, one of my comrades in the First Volunteer Cavalry. Henry H. Haywood was one of the four New York City policemen who followed the summons of their former chief, Theodore Roosevelt, and enlisted under him in the ranks of the Rough Riders. He was a sergeant in Troop K, the troop which, owing to its late formation, contained an unusually large contingent of Eastern men, among them Woodbury Kane, its captain, and the late William Tiffany, who was promoted to be its first lieutenant. Haywood, after his transfer from the mounted service, was attached to one of the downtown precincts of New York City, and during his service there attracted the attention of Police Commissioner Roosevelt by several acts of cool bravery. He was the first New York policeman who jeopardized the tenure of his municipal post by going to war. In the first fight at Las Guasimas he distinguished himself

by his impetuous bravery, and was promptly promoted to the first vacant sergeantcy in his troop. One week afterward he lost his life in the charge of the Rough Riders up San Juan Hill. After the battle Colonel Roosevelt paid a warm personal tribute to his bravery. His former police comrades in the troop buried him on the battlefield. It was then discovered that he had no relatives in New York City.

When the troopship, with its load of dead soldiers arrived in New York, Haywood's body, like the others, would have been shipped to Washington, if one of his comrades had not remembered him. This man, a policeman himself, went to the wharf and made a thorough search through all the boxes until he found the one bearing the name of Haywood. Then he reported to the New York Chief of Police and made an earnest appeal that the Police Department as such accord an honorable burial to its former member. Reluctantly the request was granted.

The captain of Haywood's last precinct was instructed to furnish an escort of one hundred men for the funeral procession from the wharf to the church of St. Teresa, where a service of absolution was conducted by the Rev. Father McIntyre. A band of music led the procession. Afterward a number of the policemen and some others who had known the dead Rough Rider walked from the church to the ferry leading to Cypress Hill Cemetery.

For his military honors this dead hero had to depend on a small band of his former comrades in the police force of New York. They turned out in two platoons, and four police officers who had served at the front acted as pall-bearers. Two of these had been among his fellow troopers. Fourteen other Rough Riders appeared to fire the last three volleys over his grave. Of this pitiable remnant of one of America's proudest regiments a round dozen were recruited from the Wild West Company of Buffalo Bill. As soon as

the funeral was over these twelve Rough Riders rode hastily back to New York City to perform their part as exhibition cowboys and bronco busters in the arena of the show.

As we crossed the ferry one of the Rough Riders told me what he thought of the funeral:

"This here town is a queer place," he said. "First they all go wild about somethin', next they forget it. Do you mind, last fall, when our outfit was mustered out, how them people carried on? Why, they couldn't do enough for us! No, we lacked for nothing! When the colonel ran for Guv'nor and won out, most of us made tracks for home, and that was the end of it.

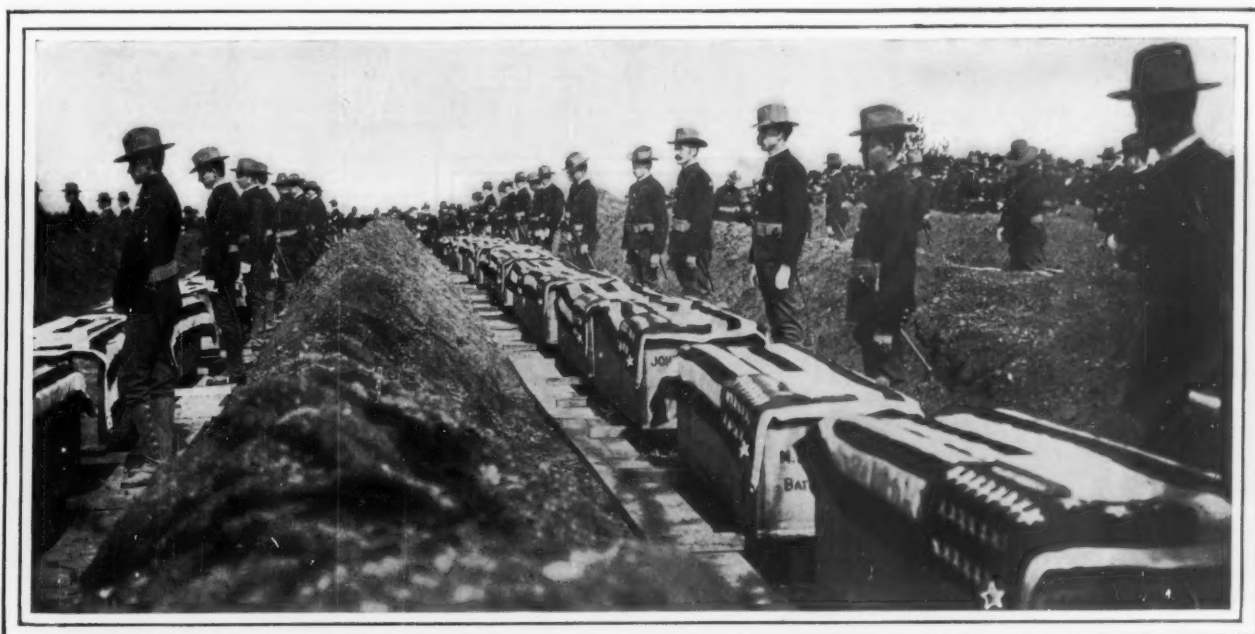
"Tain't that way out West. Our people there don't forget a thing so quick. I tell you, if this here funeral had come to Oklahoma the whole Territory would have turned out. Hal Haywood was one of your New York City men too, and he warn't so bad neither. He put up a good fight, he did, as might have done old Oklahoma proud. All the same, none of your townspeople turned out to see him buried but only them policemen that had to. Where was all them fellers in Haywood's troop that belonged to them high-toned Fifth Avenue clubs, with outlandish names—the Nickerbuckers, the Amulet, and the likes of that?

"Why, when Phil Sweet came along and told us at the Show how he couldn't get nobody to help bury Sergeant Haywood, we thought he was just joshing, but when Brien, what used to cook for his troop, said it was all true, sure, we had to believe it. And now, by golly, we see that they was right. If we hadn't turned out, there might have been nobody even to shoot off a gun over the place where they buried Haywood."

"Say," said another Rough Rider, by way of changing the subject, "don't you wish we was in the Philippines?" A grim policeman retorted:

"That's where the next funerals will come from."

EDWIN EMERSON, JR.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ERNEST C. ROTH

WAITING FOR THE BUGLE CALL—"EARTH TO EARTH"



JOHN H. FOW,
Chairman, Philadelphia.



CHARLES E. VOORHEES,
Quay Republican, Philadelphia.



FRANK B. MCCLAIN,
Quay Republican, Lancaster.



WILLIAM H. KOONTZ,
Anti-Quay Republican, Somerset.



GEORGE R. DIXON,
Democrat, Elk.



WILLIAM C. KREPS,
Quay Republican, Greencastle.



MICHAEL J. TIGHE,
Democrat, Luzerne.



ROBERT K. YOUNG,
Anti-Quay Republican, Tioga.

MEMBERS OF THE QUAY INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE

THE QUAY INVESTIGATION

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)
HARRISBURG, Pa., April 6, 1899

NEVER BEFORE in the history of Pennsylvania's law-making body has a United States Senatorial contest developed so much bitterness or so many charges and countercharges of bribery. And the end is not yet. The Legislature proposes to adjourn April 20, and is now working day and night to catch up with the great mass of business held back for so many weeks by the concentration of the chief interest on the Senatorial fight. Some rather startling statements, incriminating politicians, big and little, all over the State, have been made before the special committee of nine members of the House of Representatives, appointed weeks ago to probe the open charges of bribery in connection with the McCarrell Jury Bill, to prevent jurors from being stood aside by the District Attorney in cases of misdemeanor, and some decisive action looking to the prosecution of the guilty parties may be instituted before adjournment. The McCarrell Bill, which has dropped out of sight, was regarded by the anti-Quayites, better known hereabout as the "Insurgents," as a measure to benefit Senator Quay upon the occasion of his coming trial for conspiracy in the Philadelphia courts. Senator McCarrell of this city, who introduced it, is an out-and-out Quay man.

The investigating committee, appointed at the instigation of General William Henry Koontz, anti-Quayite, known as "The Old War-Horse from Somerset," originally consisted of five members—Messrs. Koontz, Kreps, Voorhees, Tighe and Skinner. But the anti-Quayites and Democrats raised quite a hullabaloo about its political make-up, and having a majority in the Lower House they passed an amendment to the resolution increasing the committee to nine, with the following new members: Messrs. Fow and Dixon, Democrats; Rendall and Young, anti-Quayites. As Captain Skinner declined to serve, Speaker Farr substituted Mr. McClain of Lancaster, Quayite. This gave the anti-Quayites a majority of the committee, and upon its next sitting "Fog-Horn" Fow, the wit of the House, supplanted editor-lawyer Kreps as chairman and chief inquisitor.

Fow is a lawyer of much ability and keen perception, and under his severe questioning the testimony took on a bribe-tendering tinge from the start. Staid legislators were induced to make admissions which placed several of their fellow-legislators in a bad light before the public and their own constituents, and it was brought out that the price offered for votes for the McCarrell Bill, and for a change of vote in the Senatorial balloting, varied all the way from one hundred to five thousand dollars. Representative Brown testified to receiving an offer of three hundred dollars to go to Philadelphia and miss the train on January 17, the day before the first joint ballot for Senator. Representative Kendall of Somerset stated that he had been approached by an outsider with an offer of five thousand dollars to vote for Quay. Representative Norton of Wayne swore to receiving an offer of one thousand dollars to vote for the McCarrell Bill. Representative Wilson of Westmoreland stated that he was told that if he would change his vote on the Senatorship he would profit to the extent of five thousand dollars. Other legislators testified to receiving offers of

political berths and sundry other things. The committee will finish hearing the testimony of the members of the House this week. An early report is expected. It will be very interesting. Ex-Congressman Monroe H. Kulp ("Farmer Kulp," who was charged with attempted bribery by Representative Brown) has sent a telegram of denial to Chairman Fow, and asked to be heard by the committee. He will be accommodated. Among those involved in the bribery testimony are ex-Senator John J. Coyle of Philadelphia and Frank Willing Leach, one of Senator Quay's lieutenants.

John H. Fow, chairman of the committee, represents the Seventeenth Ward of Philadelphia in the House. He was first elected to the House in 1889, but was defeated in 1896. Last year he ran on the Democrat, Republican, Prohibition and Honest Government tickets, and, of course, had a walkover. He is a ready and forceful debater, and the life of the House. When he gets through interrogating a witness there is little left to bring out in the shape of testimony. Fow's great-grandfather, Matthew Fow, served in the first battalion raised in Philadelphia by Congress in 1775, and his greatuncle, ex-Judge Tyson, was a judge and Congressman in New York. He comes of a long-lived family, his aunt, Catharine Sharp, dying several years ago at the age of one hundred and fifteen years. Chairman Fow is one of the leaders of Democracy in the State, and wrote a pamphlet for President Cleveland on the right of the President to remove Federal officers.

Charles E. Voorhees of Philadelphia is in his fiftieth year. He is one of the best-natured and most popular members of the Legislature, and is chairman of the

Quay Steering Committee in the Senatorial contest. Voorhees is a familiar figure about the Capitol, coming here in 1881 as messenger in the Senate. He was resident clerk of the House from 1885 until 1893, was elected chief clerk of the House in 1895, and was elected a member of the Legislature in 1896. He is serving his second term. Voorhees is a keen and shrewd politician. He lets Chairman Fow do most of the interrogating of witnesses.

One of the brainiest and most aggressive members of the House is General William Henry Koontz of Somerset, who is in his sixty-ninth year. He is still quite active in body and mind, as the Quayites have reason to know, and one of the most valued members of the anti-Quay band. Mr. Koontz has had a long and varied political career. He was a delegate to the convention which nominated President Lincoln at Chicago, and was among the first to cast his ballot for "Honest Abe." He was elected to Congress in 1864, and re-elected in 1866, and delivered many notable speeches during his four-year term. He took a conspicuous part in the measures connected with the impeachment of Andrew Johnson and in the reconstruction legislation. General Koontz is still in active law practice.

George R. Dixon of Elk is one of the able Democratic leaders in the House. He is a native of Neversink, N. Y., and in his fifty-first year. This is his third term in the House. Before coming to the Legislature he was at various times principal of the Ridgeway schools and county superintendent of schools. He is in active law practice in Ridgeway. Representative Dixon talks but little, but thinks a whole heap.

Hon. William C. Kreps, the first chairman of the committee, is a lawyer, and editor of the Greencastle "Echo-Pilot." He is one of the brightest men in the House, and was a candidate for Speaker before the opening of the session. Mr. Kreps and his colleague, Mr. Britton, represent an anti-Quay county, but have been voting for Quay right along.

Hon. Frank B. McClain of Lancaster is a jolly good fellow, as his picture indicates. He is a stock-dealer in Lancaster, and will be thirty-five years of age April 14. This is his third term in the House, and, judging by his popularity at his home, he will be returned for several terms to come. Mr. McClain talks but little, but when he does, always gets off something worth listening to. He is a staunch Quay man.

Hon. Robert Kennedy Young is representing Tioga County in the House for the second term. He is an anti-Quayite, and a young lawyer with a bright future in the political arena. He has been taking some part in the questioning of witnesses before the investigating committee.

Hon. John Ballard Rendall of Chester County is another quiet member of the House. He was born in Madura, Southern India, April 3, 1847, while his father was a missionary in that country. He came to the United States at the age of ten, and lived for some years in various portions of New York State. He graduated from Princeton in 1870, and is now professor of Latin in Lincoln University.

Michael J. Tighe of Luzerne is serving his first term in the House. He is a young merchant of Port Griffith, and is about thirty-two years of age. Tighe is a Democrat.



EX-SENATOR MATTHEW S. QUAY



Mrs. Mark Hanna

President McKinley

Mrs. McKinley

THE PRESIDENT'S VACATION IN THE SOUTH

Photograph taken at Mr. Hanna's home in Thomasville, Ga., during the recent visit of the President and Mrs. McKinley by A. W. Moller.

OUR MANILA LETTER

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

MANILA, Feb. 26, 1899

DURING the past week Manila's streets have been a battlefield. The terrors of war, the disasters of fire, have run riot in the capital city of the Philippines. It is impossible to describe the scenes enacted during the last few days. By day and by night the conflagrations have been raging, and the natives seem determined to burn the city. Already millions of dollars' worth of property have gone up in smoke. Thousands of the queer bamboo homes of the natives have been burned and Manila is full of homeless people. Wherever you turn great gaping ruins greet the eye, and Mauser bullets fly thick and fast.

In their attempts to fire the city the insurgent sympathizers have succeeded only in burning their own homes. Previous to the outbreak of the fires our authorities had information of what was coming, and troops were held in readiness for emergencies. On Wednesday evening fire broke out in the Santa Cruz district of New Manila, and four blocks occupied by natives and Chinese were destroyed before the flames were gotten under control. The fire at one time threatened the headquarters of the Tenth Pennsylvania Regiment. Afterward a fire was discovered out in Tondo. All this time armed natives lurked about the corners and in buildings and fired at our soldiers. A number of natives were killed while attempting to cut the fire hose.

On Thursday night more attempts to burn the city were made. A fire was started in the native district beyond the Bilibid prison, evidently in the hopes that that building would be burned, but it was not endangered. Over two thousand native prisoners are here confined. The whole native village, however, was burned and many insurgents were shot by our guards. On Friday a large number of native shacks on Calle de Irix were fired, and since that time there have been numerous fires in different sections of the city. Several attempts have been made to fire the buildings on the Escolta, the principal business street of the city, and many native habitations have been burned in Ermita, Paco, and Malate. The natives attempted to start fires in the walled city.

In Manila, during the past few days, several soldiers have been killed, and among the dead is Mr. Curtis, an English civilian. The English fire company has done effective work at the various fires. A number of marines from the English man-of-war *Narcissus* have been landed and are doing good duty about the English consulate.

The burning of the native districts was an imposing sight. The dry bamboo and nipa-palm made a great fire. The bamboo burns rapidly, and when the native dwellings went up in flames the crackling bamboo resembled a fusillade of muskeetry. In every direction

the fleeing natives filled the streets, and occasionally, when some suspicious native failed to obey the orders of our guards to halt, the Springfield did its deadly work. When daylight came squads of natives were compelled to bury their dead where they fell. Great palls of smoke hang over the Pasig and the bay, but to-day our authorities have Manila under perfect control.

Out on the lines there has been considerable skirmishing. The Twentieth Regulars, the Cuban veterans who arrived on the Scandia, are now at the front, and as soon as the other troops now en route arrive there will be a general advance. It is extremely doubtful whether the Commission now here will attempt to do anything. To-day there is a united sentiment in the army that henceforth these islands shall remain American ground. Among the volunteers all clamor for return has disappeared, and the sole desire of all now is to drive the treacherous natives from the islands.

The splendid conduct of the officers of the Eighth Army Corps, the army of occupation in Manila, has again set the people of the country talking about them. Among both officers and men there are many old Indian fighters, soldiers well schooled in the art of war, and every one has done his duty during the past few weeks and has done it well. General Otis and the officers have displayed the greatest bravery in action against the Filipinos. General Otis has been in the field constantly since the trouble broke out and has directed our successful movements personally.

Probably one of the most efficient officers in the whole army is General MacArthur, recently made a major-general. General MacArthur has been in charge of the division operating before New Manila, and he personally directed the charge against the Binondo Cemetery and against Calocan. He led the charge up the hill to the Binondo Cemetery while the bullets were flying like hail, and with half a hundred insurgent sharpshooters trying their best to pick him off. General MacArthur established his headquarters in the Binondo Cemetery chapel immediately after the first day's fighting, and from there he has since been directing the operation of his troops.

Major-General Anderson is in charge of the division before Old Manila, and has demonstrated his ability to conduct a campaign. When General Lawton, with fresh troops, arrives, there will undoubtedly be some important moves. General Lawton has fought Indians too long to lose much time in dealing with the insurgents, and a vigorous campaign is certain.

Brigadier-General Otis, under General Hughes before New Manila, has been doing brilliant work. He has the flower of the army under him and has handled his men ably. Brigadier-General Hale is in charge on the right before New Manila. He formerly commanded the First Colorado Regiment. General Owenshine, formerly colonel of the Twenty-third Regulars, is in command of a brigade on the right of the line before Old Manila.

General Charles King has, during the last few weeks, displayed the same fighting characteristics which gave him fame when campaigning against the redskins. While he arrived here too late to participate in the campaign against Manila, he has been making up lost time during the last few weeks. Prior to the outbreak of the struggle he had his headquarters in the outskirts of Malate, but since the outbreak he has moved his headquarters out to San Pedro Macarti, about which place there has been continual fighting since the outbreak. General King is constantly at the front directing his men.

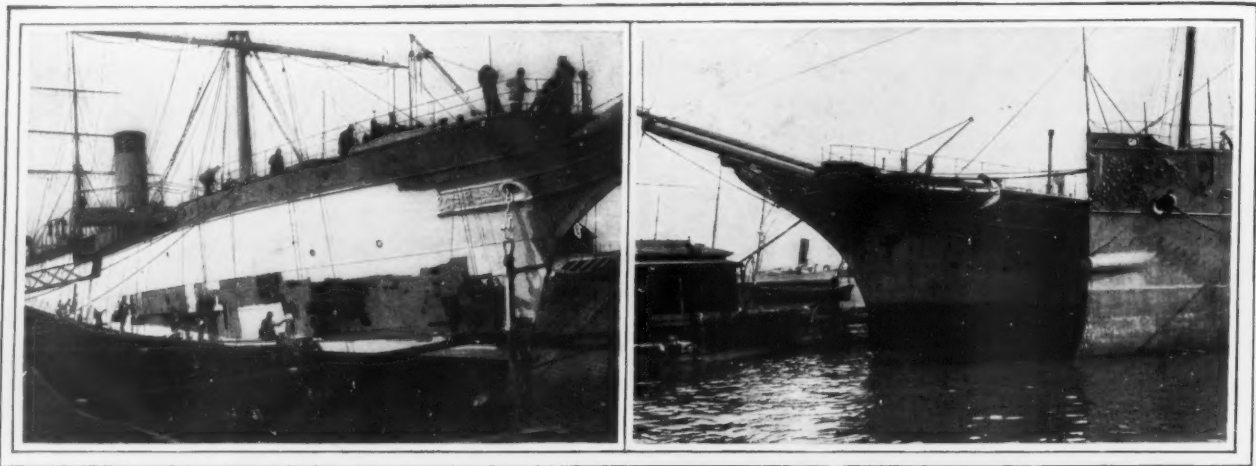
There are many other staff officers who have won distinction, and the line officers of every command showed themselves fighters. Colonel Funston of the Twentieth Kansas Regiment has had a unique experience during the last few years. Before the United States and Spain came to blows there were quite a few Americans in Cuba helping the Cubans in their struggle for liberty, and among them was Colonel Funston. He served two years in Cuba under Garcia, and in that time participated in forty skirmishes. He was wounded a number of times, and once a Mauser bullet passed through his body, barely missing the heart. During his service in Cuba Colonel Funston endured the utmost privations. By dint of hard fighting and bravery he rose rapidly in the Cuban army, and at the time of the outbreak of our war with Spain he held the position of chief of artillery and the rank of lieutenant-colonel, the highest ever held by a foreigner in the Cuban army.

As soon as it became evident that Old Glory would need defenders Colonel Funston returned to the United States, where he was commissioned colonel on General Miles's staff. Later he was placed in command of the Twentieth Kansas, and during the last few weeks has still further distinguished himself. Since the outbreak he has had two horses shot under him.

Colonel Smith of the Tennessee regiment did not live to participate in the victories of his command at Iloilo. He met his death during the first few days' fight, falling a victim to sunstroke. Colonel Hawkins of the Tenth Pennsylvania command is one of the grim old warriors who saw service during the days of the Rebellion; he made a brave charge with his men across the rough rice-fields when the command stormed the Chinese Hospital.

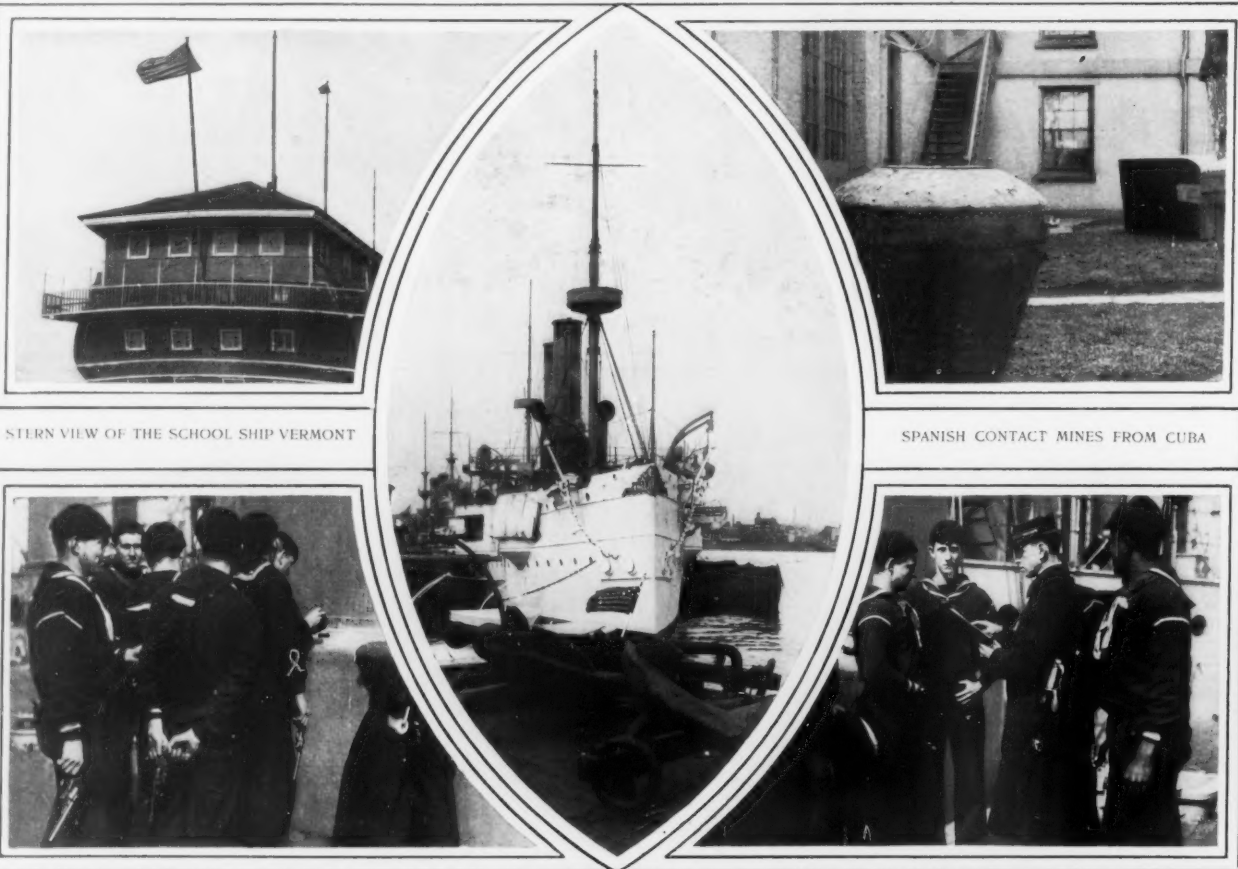
Lieutenant Alvord of Company B, Twentieth Kansas, who fell in a charge against the advanced works of the insurgents before Calocan, was a brave officer. When the Kansas regiment was ordered to the front before Calocan, Company B, of which Lieutenant Alvord was acting captain, was stationed in the city to do guard duty. He made a trip out to the lines and begged Colonel Funston that his company be sent to the front. Finally Colonel Funston granted the request. Twelve hours later Lieutenant Alvord had been killed.

WILLIAM GILBERT IRWIN.



THE SUPPLY SHIP GLACIER BEING FITTED OUT FOR MANILA

TYPES OF BOWS—THE MAYFLOWER AND CINCINNATI



STERN VIEW OF THE SCHOOL SHIP VERMONT

SPANISH CONTACT MINES FROM CUBA

INSTRUCTION IN USE OF PISTOL

THE NEWARK

INSTRUCTION IN CODE SIGNALLING



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES H. HAKE

INSTRUCTION IN SINGLE STICK EXERCISE
THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD

THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE achievements of the American troops around Manila, at Caloocan and other early battlefields of the war with the Filipinos have been, according to late advices, eclipsed by the brilliant operations of Brigadier-General Lawton on his expedition from San Pedro Macati to the lower end of Laguna de Bay, his objective point being Santa Cruz and the capture thereof.

The force consisted of companies of the Thirteenth Infantry, Fourth Cavalry, First N. Dakota and the First Idaho Volunteers, equipped with mountain guns and protected by sharpshooter vedettes. On Sunday morning, April 9, the expedition left the head of the river in transports, accompanied by three army gunboats. The journey was made through rainstorms and fog. Within a few miles from Santa Cruz final instructions were issued to the officers, and shortly after midday a reconnaissance was made by water, the gunboats opening fire upon the Filipinos, who promptly "hit the back

trail," and fled to the woods. The sharpshooters were sent ashore, accompanied by a detachment of the Fourteenth Infantry, and they together charged the enemy, inflicting great loss. The other troops were landed directly afterward, and moved on Santa Cruz.

The Filipinos attempted to hold the town, but were driven out with loss. Sixty-eight Filipino dead were left on the field and many wounded were carried off by the retiring enemy.

The success of Brigadier-General Lawton's expedition is undoubtedly largely due to his training in our own Indian campaigns. It was General Lawton who ran down Geronimo, the cleverest of all the "bad Indians." The operations against the Filipinos appear to be a repetition of the Western Indian wars. About thirty-five hundred insurgents composed the force detailed to defend Santa Cruz. They were routed by a force consisting of only about half their number.

The town or city of Santa Cruz is the capital of Laguna province, is a place of some size, and is a point of great importance in the present military operations.



DEAD FILIPINOS IN THE TRENCHES AT SANTA ANA, NEAR MANILA



SPANISH HOUSE OVERLOOKING THE BATTLEFIELD OF CALOOCAN



THIRD REGIMENT HEAVY ARTILLERY IN LINE OF BATTLE AT CALOOCAN
THE WAR IN THE PHILIPPINES



DRAWN BY J. BELL GRAFF

"WHICH WAY IS THE HESSIAN PICKET?"

JANICE MEREDITH

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD, Author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling"

[Began in COLLIER'S WEEKLY January 28]

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

The story of "Janice Meredith" opens at Greenwood, the New Jersey home of Lambert Meredith, father of the heroine. The time is the year of grace 1774. Presently is introduced the "Prince from over the Seas," a young Englishman named Charles Fournes, indentured for a term of years to Squire Meredith, a declared royalist.

In the village tap-room a traveller, one Ewatt, charges Fournes with desertion from the service of King George. Ewatt meets Janice and confides to her that he is an agent of the King.

Fournes secretly loves Janice. Squire Meredith enters into an alliance with Philemon Henson, son of his political rival, and encourages his suit with Janice. Fournes becomes aide-de-camp to Washington, assuming the name of Brereton.

The story follows the fortunes of General Washington and describes the first battles of the Revolutionary War. Janice is brought to headquarters under arrest and is protected by Fournes. The Royal army descends into New Jersey. The Continental guard abandons the Merediths, who are captured by the British Light Horse, and relieved by Ewatt and the British Commanders. The officers are entertained by the Merediths. During the festivities Janice, to escape a rudeness, slips away to the stable to her favorite horse. There she finds Fournes (or Colonel Brereton). The latter, pursued by British dragoons, escapes on Janice's horse. A few days later, venturing back to see her again, he is captured by British troopers. With Janice's help he again escapes. Janice is taken to British headquarters.

XXV

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS PARTY



AT THE SAME HOUR THAT the Hessians were parading through the village streets a horseman was speeding along the river road on the opposite side of the Delaware. As he came opposite the town, the blare of the hautboys sounded faintly across the water, and he checked his horse to listen for a moment, and then spurred on.

"Ay, prick up your ears," he muttered to his steed. "Your friends are holding high carnival, and I wonder not that you long to be with them, 'stead of carrying vain messages in a lost cause. But for this damned flow of ice you'd have had your wish this very night."

A hundred rods brought the rider within sight of the cross-road at Yardley's Ferry, just as a second horseman issued from it. The first hastily unbuckled and threw back his holster flap, even while he pressed his horse to come up with the new arrival; while the latter, hearing the sound of hoofs, halted and twisted about in his saddle.

"Well met, Brereton," he called when the space between had lessened. "I am seeking his Excellency, who, I was told at Newtown, was to be found at Mac-konkey's Ferry. Canst give me a guidance?"

"You could find your way, Wilkinson, by following the track of Mercer's brigade. For the last three miles I could have kept the route, even if I knew not the road, by the bloody footprints. Look at the stains on the snow."

"Poor fellows!" responded Wilkinson feelingly.

"Seven miles they've marched to-day, with scarce a sound boot to a company, and now they'll be marched back with not so much as a sight of the enemy."

"You think the attack impossible?"

"Impossible!" ejaculated Brereton. "Look at the rush of ice, man. 'Twould be absolute madness to attempt a crossing. The plan was for Cadwallader's brigade to attack Burlington at the same time we made our attempt, but I bring word from there that the river is impassable and the plan abandoned. His Excellency cannot fight both the British and such weather."

"I thought the game up when my general refused the command and set out for Philadelphia," remarked Wilkinson.

"Gates is too good a politician and too little of a fighter to like forlorn hopes," sneered Brereton. "He leaves Washington to bear the risk, and, Lee being out of the way, sets off at once to make favor with Congress, hoping, I have little doubt, that another discomfiture or miscarriage will serve to put him in the saddle. If we are finally conquered, 'twill not be by defeat in the field, but by the dirty politics with which this nation is riddled, and which makes a man general because he comes from the right State, and knows how to wire-pull and intrigue. Faugh!"

A half-hour served to bring them to their destination, a rude wooden pier, employed to conduct teams to the ferry-boat. Now, however, the ice was drifted and wedged in layers and hummocks some feet beyond its end, and outside this rushed the river, black and silent,

save for the dull crunch of the ice-floes as they ground against each other in their race down the stream. On the end of the dock stood a solitary figure watching a number of men, who, with pick and axe, were cutting away the lodged ice that blocked the pier, while already a motley variety of boats being filled with men could be seen at each point of the shore where the ground ice made embarkation possible. Along the banks groups of soldiers were clustered about fires of fence-rails wherever timber or wall offered the slightest shelter.

Dismounting, the two aides walked to the dock and delivered their letters to the commander. Taking the papers, Washington gave a final exhortation to the sappers and miners. "Look alive there, men. Every minute now is worth an hour to-morrow," and, followed by Brereton, walked to the ferry-house that he might find light with which to read the despatches. By the aid of the besmoked hall lantern, he glanced hastily through the two letters. "General Gates leaves to us all the honor to be gained to-night. Colonel Cadwallader declares it impossible to get his guns across," he told his aide, without a trace of emotion in his voice, as he quietly refolded the despatches and handed them to him. Then his eye flashed with a sudden exultation as he continued: "It seems there are some in our own force, as well as the enemy, who need a lesson in winter campaigning."

"Then your Excellency intends to attempt a crossing?" deprecated Brereton.

"We shall attack Trenton before daybreak, Brereton; and as we are like to have a cold and wet march, stay you within doors and warm yourself after your ride. You are not needed, and there is a good fire in the kitchen."

Brereton, with a shake of his head, stepped from the hallway into the kitchen. Only one man was in the room, and he, seated at the table, was occupied in rolling cartridges.

"Ho, parson, this is new work for you," greeted Brereton, giving him a hearty slap on the shoulder. "You are putting your sulphur and brimstone in concrete form."

"Ay," assented McClave, "and as befits my calling, properly combining them with religion."

"How so?" demanded Brereton, taking his position before the fire.

"You see, man," explained the presbyter, "it oc-

curled to me that, on so wet a night, 'twould be almost impossible for the troops to keep their cartridges dry, since scarce a one in ten has a proper cartouch-box; so I set to making some new ones, and, having no paper, I'm e'en using the leaves of my own copy of Watts' psalms."

"A good thought," said Brereton, "and if you will give them to me I will see to it that they be kept dry and ready for use. Not that they will need much care; there is small danger that Watts will ever be anything but dry."

"Tut, tut, man," laughed the clergyman. "Dry or not dry, he has done God's work in the past, and, with the aid of Heaven, he'll do it again to-night."

The rumble of artillery at this point warned the aide that the embarkation was actually beginning, and, hastily catching up the cartridges already made, he unbuttoned the flannel shirt he wore and stuffed them in. Throwing his cloak about him, he hurried out.

The ice had finally been removed, and a hay barge dragged up to the pier. Without delay two 12-pounders were rolled upon it, with their complement of men and horses, and, leaving further superintendence of the embarkation to Greene and Knox, Washington and his staff took their places between the guns. Two row galleys having been made fast to the front, the men in them bent to their oars, and the barge moved slowly from the shore, its start being the signal to all the other craft to put off.

The instant the shelter of the land was lost the struggle with the elements began. The wind, blowing savagely from the northeast, swept upon them, and, churning the river into foam, drove the bitterly cold

Cadwallader been there the storm and ice of to-night would not have seemed to them such obstacles. "Twas my first public service," he added, after a slight pause. "Who knows that to-night may not be my last?"

"Tis ever a possibility," spoke up Baylor, "since your Excellency is so reckless in exposing yourself to the enemy's fire."

Washington shrugged his shoulders. "I am in more danger from the rear than from the enemy," he said equably.

"Ay," agreed Jack, "but we fight both to-night. Give us victory at Trenton and we need not spend thought on Baltimore."

"Congress is too frightened itself—" began Webb, but a touch on his arm from the commander-in-chief checked the indiscreet speech.

Departure had been taken from the Pennsylvania shore before ten, but ice, wind and current made the crossing so laborious and slow that a landing of the first detachment was not effected till nearly twelve. Then the boats were sent back for their second load, the advance meanwhile huddling together wherever there was the slightest shelter from the blast and the hail that was now cutting mercilessly. Not till three o'clock did the second division land, and another hour was lost in the formation of the column. At last, however, the order to march could be given, and the twenty-four hundred weary, beset, and wellnigh frozen men set off through the blinding storm on the nine-mile march to Trenton.

At Yardley's Ferry the force divided, Sullivan's division keeping to the river turnpike, intending to enter Trenton from the south, while the main division took the cross-road so as to come out to the north of

showed that the alarm had been given by Sullivan's attack. The next moment a sight of the enemy was gained—a confused mass of men some three hundred yards away, but in front of them two guns were already being wheeled into position by artillerymen, with the obvious purpose of checking the advance till the regiments had time to form.

"Capture the battery," came the stern voice of the commander.

"Forward, double quick!" shouted Colonel Hand. Brereton, putting spurs to his horse, joined in the rush of men as the regiment broke into a run. "Look out, Hand!" he yelled. "They'll be ready to fire before we can get there, and in this narrow road, we'll be cut to pieces. Give them a dose of Watts."

"Halt!" roared Hand, and then in quick succession came the orders, "Deploy! Poise firelocks! Cock! Take aim! Fire!"

"Hurrah for the Psalms!" cheered Brereton, as a number of the gunners and matross men fell, and the remainder, deserting the cannon, fell back on the infantry. "Come on!" he roared, as Captain Washington's Light Horse, taking advantage of the open order, raced the riflemen to the guns. Barely were they reached, when a mounted officer rode up to the Hessian regiments and cried: "Forward, march!" waving his sword toward the cannon.

"We can't hold the guns against them!" yelled Brereton. "Over with them, men!"

In an instant the soldiers with rifles and the cavalry with the rammers that had been dropped were clustered about the cannon, some prying, some lifting, some pulling, and before the foe could reach them the two pieces of artillery were tipped over and rolled into the side



DRAWN BY EMLÉN MCCONNELL

"GIVE THEM A DOSE OF WATTS!"

spray against man and beast. Masses of ice, impelled by the current and blast, were only kept from colliding with the boat by the artillerymen, who, with the rammers and sponges of the guns, thrust them back, while the bowsmen in the tractive boats had much ado to keep a space clear for the oars to swing. To make the stress the greater, before a fifty yards had been compassed the air was filled with snow, sweeping now one way and now another, quite shutting out all sight of the shores, and making the rushing current of the black, sullen river the sole means by which direction could be judged.

"Damn this weather!" swore Brereton, as an especially biting sweep of wind and water made him crouch the lower behind his shivering horse.

"Nothing short of that would serve to put warmth into it," asserted Colonel Webb. "You're not like to obtain your wish, Jack, though thy cursing may put you where you'll long for a touch of it."

"Thou canst not fright me with threat of hell fire damnation on such a night as this, Sam," retorted Brereton.

"Gentlemen," interposed Washington dryly, "let me call your attention to the General Order of last August, relative to profane language."

"Can your Excellency suggest any more moderate terms to apply to such a night?" asked Brereton, with a laugh.

"Be thankful you've something between you and the river, my boy. Twenty-four years ago this very week I was returning from a mission to the Ohio, and to cross a river we made a raft of logs. The ice surged against us so violently that I set out my pole to prevent our being swept down the stream; but the rapidity of the current threw the raft with so much violence against the pole that it jerked me out into ten feet of water, and I was like to have drowned. This wind and sleet seem warm when I remember that, and had Gates and

the town, the plan being to place the enemy thus betwixt two fires.

Owing to the delay in crossing the river, it was broad daylight when the outskirts of the town were reached, but the falling snow somewhat veiled the advance, and here the column was halted temporarily to permit of a reconnaissance. While the troops stood at ease an aide from Sullivan's detachment reported that it had arrived on the other side of the village, and was ready for the attack, save that their cartridges were too damp to use.

"Very well, sir," ordered Washington. "Return and tell General Sullivan he must rely on the bayonet."

"Your Excellency," said Colonel Hand, stepping up, "my regiment is in the same plight, and our rifles carry no bayonets."

"We kin club both them and the Hessians all the same," spoke up a voice from the ranks.

"Here are some dry cartridges," broke in Brereton.

"Let your men draw their charges and reload, Colonel Hand," commanded Washington.

In a moment the order to advance was issued, and the column debouched upon the post road leading toward Princeton. The first sign of life was a man in a front yard, engaged in cutting wood; the commander-in-chief, who was leading the advance, called to him:

"Which way is the Hessian picket?"

"Find out for yourself," retorted the chopper.

"Speak out, man," roared Webb hotly, "this is General Washington."

"God bless and prosper you, sir," shouted the man.

"Follow me and I'll show you," he added, starting down the road at a run. As he came to the house, without a pause, he swung his axe and burst open the door with a single blow. "Come on," he shrieked, and darted in, followed by some of the riflemen.

Leaving them to secure the picket, the regiments went forward, just as a desultory firing from the front

ditches, the Americans scattering the moment the guns were made useless to the British.

This gave the Continental infantry in the rear their opportunity, and they poured in a scathing volley, quickly followed by the roar of Colonel Forrest's battery, which unlimbered and opened fire. A wild confusion followed, the enemy advancing, until the American regiments charged them in face of their volleys. Upon this they broke, and falling back in disorder, endeavored to escape to the east road through an orchard. Checking the charge, Washington threw Steven's brigade and Hand's riflemen, now re-formed, out through the fields, heading them off. Flight in this direction made impossible, the enemy retreated toward the town, but the column under Sullivan now blocked this outlet. Forrest's fieldpieces were pushed forward, Washington riding with them, utterly upholding of both the enemy's fire, though the bullets were burying them selves in the snow all about him, and of the expostulations of his staff. Indicating the new position for the guns, he ordered them loaded with canister.

Colonel Forrest himself stooped to sight one of the 12-pounders, then cried: "Sir, they have struck."

"Struck!" exclaimed Washington.

"Yes," averred Forrest exultingly. "Their colors are down, and they have grounded their arms."

Washington cantered toward the enemy.

"Your Excellency," shouted Baylor, who with the infantry had been well forward, "the Hessians have surrendered. Here is Colonel Rahl."

Washington rode to where, supported by two sergeants, the officer stood, his brilliant uniform already darkened by the blood flowing from two wounds, and took from his hand the sword the Hessian commander, with bowed head, due to both shame and faintness, held out to him.

"Let his wounds receive instant attention," the general ordered. Wheeling his horse, he looked at



SANTIAGO

CUBAN GUERILLAS SKIRMISHING WITH GE.

(SEE REMINGTON'S LETTER, PAGE 29)



GO BANDIT'S

WITH GENDARMES IN SANTIAGO PROVINCE

DRAWN FOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY BY

Frederic Remington

the three regiments of Hessians. "Tis a glorious day for our country, Baylor!" he said, the personal triumph already forgotten in the greater one.

XXVI

HOLIDAY WEEK AT TRENTON

THE CHRISTMAS REVEL of the Hessians had held far into morning hours, and though the ladies so prudently retired, it was not to sleep, as it proved, for the uproar put that out of the question. At last, however, the merry-making ceased by degrees, man after man staggering off to his quarters, or, succumbing to drink, merely took a horizontal position in the room of the festivity, and quiet, quickly succeeded by slumber, descended upon the household.

To the women it seemed as if the turmoil had but just ended, ere it began anew. The first alarm was a thundering on the front door, so violent that the intent seemed to be to break it down rather than to gain admission from the inside. Then came a rush of heavy boots pounding upstairs, followed by a renewal of the ponderous blows on every door, accompanied now by the stentorian shouting of hasty sentences in German.

As if the din were not sufficient, Miss Drinker, in her fright at the assault directed against the door to which she had pinned her own reliance of safety, promptly gave vent to a series of shrieks, intermixed, when breath failed, with gasping predictions to the girls as to the fate that awaited them—securing the maidens most dreadfully. Their terror was not lessened by the growing volume of shouts outside the house, and by the rub-a-dub-dub of the drums, and the tautara of the bugles, as the "To arms" was sounded along the village street. Barely had they heard Rahl and the other officers go plunging downstairs, when the scattering crack of muskets began to be heard, swelling quickly into volleys and then into the unmistakable platoon firing, which bespoke an attack in force. Finally, and as a last touch to their alarm, came the roar of artillery, as Forrest's and Knox's batteries opened fire.

The whole conflict took not over thirty-five minutes, but to the three bedfellows it seemed to last for hours. The silence that then fell so suddenly proved even more awful, however, and became quickly so insupportable that Janice was for getting out of bed to learn its cause, a project that Miss Drinker prohibited. "I know not what is transpiring," she avowed, "but whatever the disturbance, our danger is yet to come."

The event verified her opinion, for presently heavy and hurried footsteps of many men sounded below stairs, terminating the brief silence. With little delay

the tramp of boots came upstairs, and a loud rap on the door drew a stifled cry from the spinster as she buried her head under the bedclothes, and made the two girls clutch each other with fright.

"Open!" called a commanding voice. "Open, I say," it repeated, as no answer came. "Batter it in then!" and at the order the stocks of two muskets shattered the door panels; the bureau was tipped over on its face with a crash, and Brereton, sword in hand, jumped through the breach.

It was an apparently empty room into which the aide entered, but a mound under the bedclothes told a different tale.

"Here are other Hessian pigs who've drunk more than they've bled," he sneered, as he tossed back the counterpane and blankets with his sword point, thus uncovering three becaped heads, from each of which issued a scream, while three pairs of hands wildly clutched the covering.

The nightcaps so effectually disguised the faces that not a one did the officer recognize in his first hasty glance.

"Ho!" he jeered. "Small wonder the fellow lay abed. Come, up with you, my Don Juan," he added, prodding Miss Drinker through the bedclothes with his sword. "Tis no time for bearded men to lie abed."

"Help, help!" shrieked Janice, and "Tis my aunt!" cried Tabitha, in unison, but the spinster's fear was quite forgot in the insulting allusion to the somewhat noticeable hirsute adornment on her face; sitting up in bed, she pointed at the door, and sternly ordered, "Cease from insulting gentlewomen, brute, and leave this chamber!"

"Zounds!" burst out Jack in his amazement; then he turned and roared to the gaping and snickering soldiers, "Get out of here, every doodle of you, and be—to you!" Keeping his back to the bed, he said, "I pray your pardon, ma'am, for disturbing you; our spies assured us that only Hessian officers slept here."

"Go!" commanded the offended and unrelenting old maid.

The officer took a step toward the door, halted, and remarked savagely, "Our positions are somewhat reversed, Miss Meredith. 'Tis poetic justice, indeed, which threatens you a taste of the captivity you schemed in my behalf; he cries best who cries last."

"I had naught to do with thy captivity!" protested Janice indignantly, "though you would not believe me; and but for me you'd still be a prisoner."

"A well-dressed-up tale, but told too late to gain

credence," sneered the officer. "You made a cully of me once. I defy you to repeat it."

"A man who thinks such vile thoughts is welcome to them," retorted the girl proudly.

"Dost intend to put a finish to thy intrusion upon the privacy of females?" objurgated Miss Drinker, and at the question Brereton flung out of the room without more words.

The ladies made a hasty toilet, and descended to the kitchen, to find the maids deep in the preparation of breakfast, while standing near the fire was a colored man in a brown livery, who ducked low to Janice as he greeted a recognition.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl, and then, "How's Blue-skin?"

"Lor' bless de chile, she doan forget ole William, nor dat horse," chuckled the darkey. "Dat steed, miss, hardly git a good feed now once a week, but he knows dat he carries his Excellency, an' dat de army's watchin' him, an' he make believe he chock full of oats all de time. He jus' went often his head when Kumel Forrest's guns wuz a-bustin' de Hessians all to pieces dis mornin', an' de way he dun arch his neck an' swish his tail when Gin'l Howe give up his sword made de enemy stare."

"You'll purvey my compliments to his Highness, Mr. Lee," requested the cook, "an' 'spress to him de mortification we 'speriences at being necessitated to tender him his tea outen de elegantest of best Japan. 'Splain to him dat we're a real quality family, an' regularly accustomed to de finest of plate, till de Hessians depredated it."

"Is this for General Washington?" questioned Janice, with sudden interest in the tray upon which the cook had placed a china tea-service, some hot corn bread, and a tasher of bacon.

"Yes, miss," explained William. "His Excellency's in de parlor, a-lookin' over de papers of de dead gin'l, an' he say see if I kiant git him some breakfast."

"Oh," begged the girl eagerly, "mayn't I take it to him?"

"Dat you may, honey," acceded the black, yielding to the spell of the lass. "Massa allus radder see a pooty face den black ole Billy's. Jus' you run along with it, chile, an' s'prise him."

Catching up the waiter, the maid carried it to the parlor, which she entered after knocking, in response to Washington's behest. The general looked up from the paper he was conning and instantly smiled a recognition to the girl.

(Continued on page 17)

THE NEW JAPANESE NAVY

OUR COUNTRYMEN on the Pacific Coast are realizing the steps which Japan is taking toward the establishment of a mercantile and a national navy. On January 14 the Nippon Maru, the pioneer of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha's new line, which is to run between Japan and the United States, arrived at San Francisco, and is now taking cargo on board for her return trip. In English or Americaneese, "Nippon Maru" means "the steamship Japan." The Japanese word Maru began by signifying "round" and ended by meaning steamship, because steamships, as Kipling says, go round the world and back again. She is a vessel of 6,000 tons gross, 440 feet long by 50 feet beam; she was built for the Toyo Kisen Kaisha at Laing's shipyard at Sunderland, England, and has all the modern improvements.

The Nippon Maru carries two sets of officers—one English and the other Japanese. The supreme com-

mand is lodged in the hands of Captain R. F. Evans, an Englishman, but he has under him three Japanese officers and three English officers of equal rank. It is understood that the Englishmen will be retired when their contract expires. The crew are partly Japanese and partly Chinese; the officers state that the latter are the better seamen.

As the Nippon Maru was approaching the American coast, the new cruiser Chitose, built for the Japanese Government at the Union Iron Works in San Francisco, was on her trial trip.

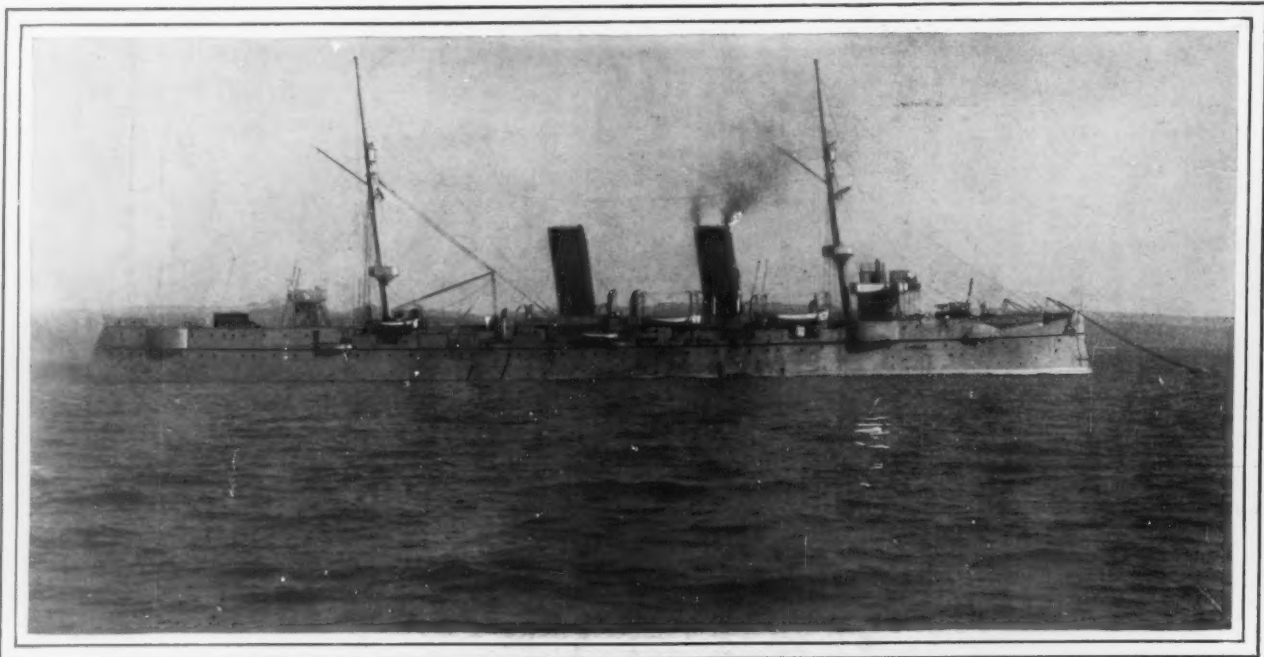
The contract for the building of the Chitose was signed at Washington on December 31, 1896, by H. T. Scott for the Union Iron Works and Minister Toru Hoshi for Japan; the first piece of keel was laid on May 3, 1897, and the first rivet was driven on June 26, in the presence of the foreign consuls residing at San Francisco and a number of distinguished guests. The ship was launched on January 22, 1898.

She is designated as a second-class unarmored pro-

tected cruiser. Her length over all is 405 feet 2 inches, her breadth 49 feet, her draught 17 feet 7 inches; her displacement 4,760 tons. The contract requires her to reach a speed of 22½ knots; the indicated horse-power is 15,500. For her size she carries a remarkably formidable armament, consisting of two 8-inch quick-firing guns, ten 4.7-inch quick-firing guns, twelve 12-pounder quick-firing guns, six 24-pounder quick-firing guns, and five 14-inch torpedo tubes.

The trial trip of the Chitose took place a few days ago, in the usual Santa Barbara channel. She fulfilled the expectations of her builders and the requirements of the Japanese inspectors in every respect save one: a few of the condensing tubes, of which there are seven thousand, broke down when the vessel was put to her utmost speed. These tubes were made in the East, and are now being replaced. When they are in place another trial trip will be made.

JOHN BONNER.



PHOTOGRAPH BY TADDER, SAN FRANCISCO

THE CHITOSE, NEW JAPANESE CRUISER

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST SHOW

Pictures by James H. Hare, Staff Photographer

OUR LITTLE PARTY consisted of the English Correspondent, the Boy, and myself. I alone had already seen the Wild West Show. It would be hard to say whether the Boy or the Englishman was the more eager to see it.

"Something genuinely American at last!" said the Englishman. "From your plays I should hardly know there was any such place as America."

"I hope there'll be a lot of shooting," said the Boy. When I mentioned that we were first to go "behind the scenes," the Boy could hardly contain himself. "And shall we see Buffalo Bill himself?" he asked, eagerly.

At that moment we had passed the crowds in the long entrance to the Madison Square Garden, and were about to cross the ring. In the distance we discerned the tall, vigorous frame, the fine Napoleonic (third Napoleonic) head that has for many years shone so magnificently from posters.

"There he is now!" cried the Boy, breathlessly.

The Englishman was looking all over the Garden, at the tiers of boxes around the amphitheatre, at the galleries, gayly decorated with flags of all nations and with the emblems of the States, and at the enormous curtain shining with painted icebergs, from behind which the performers were to make their entrances and exits.

"I must say you Americans do things rather well," the Englishman remarked, with the characteristic understatement of his nation which so often offends us because it is so different from our own exaggerated enthusiasm. "This place is really as fine as the London Aquarium."

I could hardly keep from smiling. Think of comparing that old barn of an Aquarium with our beautiful Garden! But perhaps I was prejudiced.

We made our way through the squad of men who were raking the earth and sprinkling it with sawdust. The audience had not as yet begun to gather. The great place had an air of tranquil expectancy. Presently we stood in presence of the stalwart figure in bright yellow breeches and long riding-boots.

In response to our greetings, Colonel Cody made a flourish with his sombrero, revealing his carefully preserved gray locks, falling in corkscrew curls over the side of his head.

The Englishman looked at him with the impersonal curiosity of the scientific observer. As the Boy felt his hand squeezed by the great man, he turned pale. You could see that it was the most momentous meeting of his life.

"Want to look about?" said Buffalo Bill carelessly. "Oh, Johnnie!"

A short, alert young man walked toward us.

"This is Johnnie Baker. He'll take care of you."

Now, I had seen Johnnie Baker do his great shooting act; so I was properly impressed. I whispered to the Boy and the Boy's eyes grew big.

"There isn't much going on just now," said Johnnie. "The performers are just getting ready. Perhaps you'd like to see the Indians putting their war paint on. But first we'll go down and take a look at the horses."

We broke through the canvas icebergs and entered

the regions set apart for the performers. Groups of men were lolling about, Rough Riders smoking cigarettes, Indians adjusting their feathers, cowboys rubbing down their horses. In one corner a group of Cossacks were eagerly discussing. Two Arabian tumblers in red and blue silk were practicing an act. Everything was quiet and orderly.

At sight of the Rough Riders, the Englishman smiled. "This brings back Cuba," he said. "I used to know a lot of those fellows. I had the pleasure of lying in the trenches with 'em at San Juan for twelve hours. Pretty poor sport, I can tell you, too," he added dryly. "But I don't suppose those are really—"

"Oh, yes, they are," Johnnie Baker interrupted. "Every man among our Rough Riders has seen service with Roosevelt—no fakes in this show. Oh, say, McGinty."

A young fellow broke away from a yellow group near the window. He was short and strongly built. He had a yellow mustache and blue eyes.

"You don't mean to say—" exclaimed the Englishman. "How are you, McGinty. We're old friends," he explained, as he took McGinty's hand. "I didn't know you were up here."

McGinty actually blushed. "Joined the show two weeks ago," he replied.

The Boy's eyes were growing bigger. "Is that Colonel Roosevelt's McGinty?" he whispered to me;

"the fellow who did such a lot of plucky things down in Cuba?"

"Yes, that's McGinty, all right," I replied; and I turned to introduce the Boy. But McGinty had suddenly found some work to do, and was straying away.

"He doesn't seem to enjoy being lionized, does he?" said the Englishman with a smile.

We turned and walked along the Twenty-fifth Street side of the Garden, down the inclined plane leading to the stalls. The grooms were leading out the horses and harnessing them for the ring. "There's one of the buckers," said Johnnie Baker, pointing to a mild-looking gray horse. "I tell you those fellows give us more trouble than all the rest of the show. This fellow's just come from our reserve out in Wyoming, and he hasn't got used to civilization yet. It's all our crack man has to do to manage him in the ring, and when he comes off, we have the deuce of a time getting him back to his stall. Last night he threw our man and left the ring, and then he proceeded to tear things out round here. Some newspaper duffers actually wanted to take him out into the street and photograph him the other day. 'Will you pay the damages?' said I, and then I estimated just about how much it would cost 'em—in plate glass, not to speak of human lives and other property. So they decided that they didn't feel like trying any experiments just then."

Our attention was attracted by a particularly fine chestnut that held his head high in the air and stood on his slender legs with a truly royal dignity. "You certainly breed great horses on this side of the water," said the Englishman. "And, hello! what's this saddle? By Jove, it's the most beautiful saddle I've ever seen in my life. And this mother-of-pearl bridle, where the deuce did that come from?"

Johnnie Baker's eyes shone with pride. "That bridle, sir, was a present to Colonel Cody from the Prince of Wales. This is the horse that the Colonel always rides in the ring."

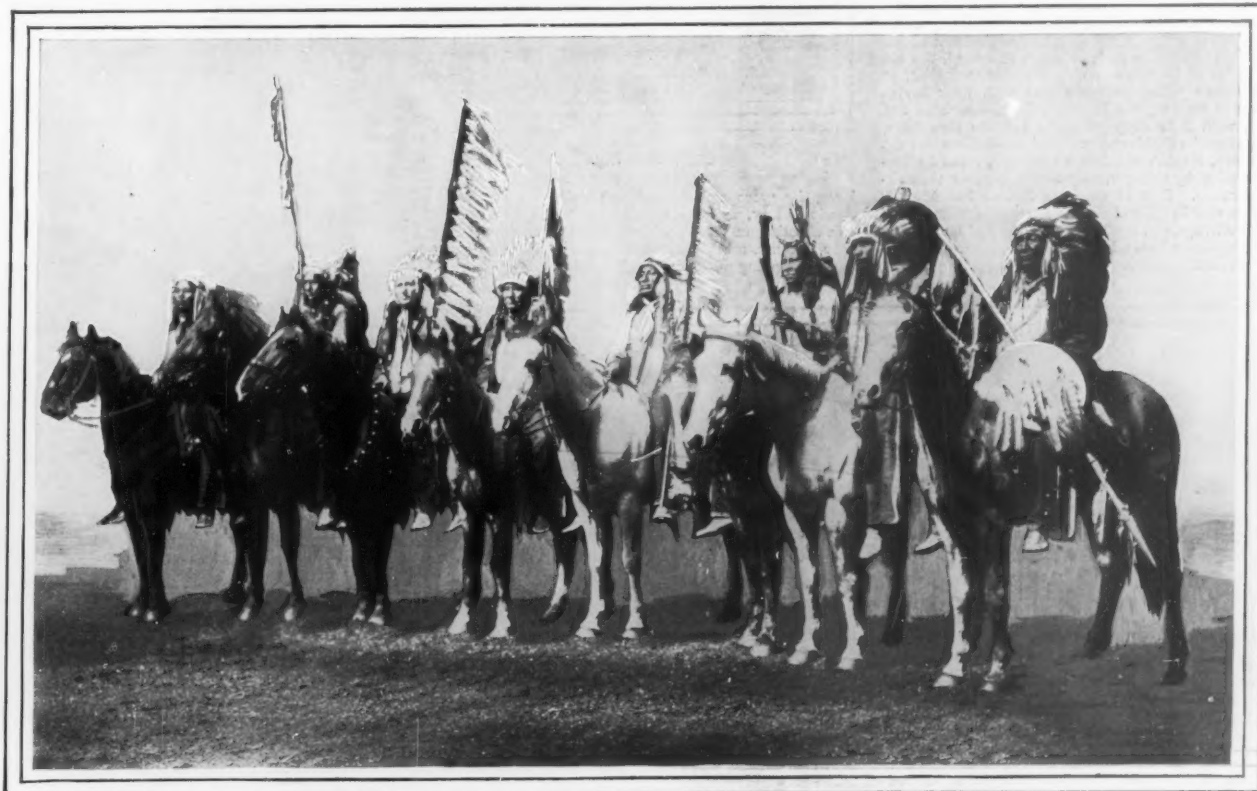
We had very little time to linger in the stables, for we wanted to have a glimpse of the Indians in their dressing-rooms. So we walked to the Twenty-sixth Street side of the Garden and ascended the stairs at the corner of Fourth Avenue. "Those are our living quarters," said Johnnie Baker, "and they're not quite extensive enough for us. So we have to board some of our people at the hotels near by. You see, we're not like a theatrical company, where the people shift for themselves. We're more like a military organization. In fact, when we're giving open-air performances we're exactly like a big company of soldiers. We're not too strict, you know, but when the colonel's rules are broken, the punishment comes quick."

"I suppose you have a good deal of trouble with the Indians, don't you?" the Englishman remarked.

"Not a bit of it. They're the best people in the camp—a good deal easier to get along with than the white men. You see, besides being a performer, I'm a sort of stage-manager of this show. So I know all about it, and my experience has taught me to have a good deal of respect for the Indians. They're all right; and, as for the women—they're great! They work like



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COSSACKS

beavers when they're not performing, cooking the meals and making things to sell."

When we reached the first landing, we found a series of rooms where groups of Indians, most of them in their war-paint and feathers, were loitering about, waiting for the show to begin. The floor was littered with mattresses, decorated with great patches of pink paint. Here and there a lazy Indian was taking his ease with his eyes half open. In one of the outer rooms we could see the heavy figures of the squaws moving here and there.

"What you want?" said the biggest and the blackest of the warriors, decorated with a magnificent headdress of feathers.

"Oh, we're just looking about," said Johnnie Baker, pleasantly. "That's Iron Tail," he added, under his breath. "Great chief."

We started up the stairs to visit the next tier of dressing-rooms. There we found a group of Cossacks combing their long hair and adjusting their big hats.

"We'd better go down if you want to see the parade," said Baker, and we at once joined in the scramble. When we reached the main floor we found Buffalo Bill mounted on his charger, his sharp eye darting here and there, and his lips moving in low-voiced instructions.

A moment later, a signal was given, and we heard a stentorian voice ringing through the Garden and announcing the programme. The Indians had formed in the corridor leading to the stables, and were leaning forward on their mustangs, ready to plunge into the ring. A word from the Colonel, a wave of the hand from Johnnie Baker, and the squad dashed forward, their wild cries mingling with the applause of the spectators.

The Boy wanted to go out and watch the show from the front. So we took seats near the entrance, where we could get a good view of the manoeuvring. Those who have seen the Wild West Show know how superb a spectacle is created by that first marshalling of the Indians, the Cowboys, the Cossacks, the Arabs, the military of four nations, and all the other picturesque figures in the performance. They gave not only a fine exhibition of riding, but they made a magnificent color spectacle. The new features were, of course, the object of chief interest—notably the Rough Riders, in their simple yellow uniforms, and with their boyish faces and figures; the Filipinos, dark, emaciated and thin, with little deep-set eyes; and the Hawaiians, who, after the dashing entrance of the Indians and the American, English and German military, created a dramatic effect by riding in very slowly, singing their national songs. Last of all, came Buffalo Bill himself, erect as ever in spite of advancing years, firmly planted on his stirrups, and bowing to the right and left in reply to the applause from all parts of the Garden.

The rest of the show, clever and interesting as it was,

paled for me beside that great parade. Most of the features I had seen before; but this did not prevent my enjoying the marvellous tumbling of the Arabs, the indefatigable performance of the dancing Dervish, the extraordinary dexterity of the Mexican riders with the

used to be the great feature, but has apparently waned in popularity. This year the great feature was the reproduction of the battle of San Juan Hill. We were disposed to view this with a keenly critical eye, for our English friend had witnessed the battle, and was ready to resent any inaccuracies.

Let me say at once that the Battle scored a great success. The Englishman was delighted. As the troops marched in two by two, singing "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night," and then rested and frolicked, he exclaimed: "All that is exactly right. The trails down there were so narrow that the men had to march in twos a good deal of the time, and they were always singing that old music-hall song. And on the night before the battle, they were full of the devil, tossing fellows up in blankets, and wrestling and playing tricks, instead of saying their prayers. And just look at those tooth-brushes!" he cried. "A lot of the boys carried 'em just like that—in their hats. It was about all they had," he added grinning.

Of course a fine effect was achieved when the lights went out and the boys quieted down, and, lying on the ground, lifted their voices in "My Country 'Tis of Thee." I could see several of the ladies around me wiping their eyes.

Then the fun began. The iceberg curtain was drawn open, and we saw revealed the celebrated San Juan Hill, with the block-house on the summit, the Spanish soldiers swarming around it. Uncle Sam's scouts stole cautiously forward, and the guns began to pop.

The popping grew more frequent, then louder. A wild cry arose. The boys dashed madly up the hill. Out of the din came a steady bang, bang, and the machine-gun flowed with fire. "There's nothing the matter with the old machine-gun, is there?" cried the Englishman, excitedly. On both sides men were falling, and at the bottom of the hill the stretchers began to receive the dead and wounded. One after another the Spaniards dropped, and presently the Americans had possession of the block-house.

There was just one feature that the Boy seemed to enjoy even more than the battle. That was Buffalo Bill's exhibition of sharp-shooting. Cody was in great form that night, and missed only one ball. After Buffalo Bill, his deepest admiration was given to the Mexican horsemen, who threw the lasso with a skill that seemed absolutely unerring. For the Filipinos and the Hawaiians he expressed no admiration whatever.

"What do we want to have people like that in our country for?" he said, with an expression of something like disgust.

"Oh, just to take up the White Man's Burden," the Englishman replied with a laugh.

JOHN D. BARRY



CHIEF IRONTAIL

lasso, the grace and the skill with the rifle of Miss Annie Oakley, who, in spite of her twenty years of rifle-shooting in public, looks as young as ever, and who, I think, must be Johnnie Baker's only rival, and the exhilarating pursuit of the Deadwood Coach, which



ARAB ACROBATS



UNITED STATES CAVALRY



HAWAIIAN ISLANDERS

LITERATURE.

CHINA IN TRANSFORMATION. (Additional notes).

THROUGH CHINA WITH A CAMERA. By JOHN THOMSON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

As old as the Confucian Analects is the promotion of commercial relations by an embassy from one country to another. China, however, has remained almost impervious to the efforts of diplomacy. Li Hung Chang in dialogue is different from Chinese authority in a body of ten. With them, satisfactory discussion is impossible, for the point of it is never reached. If, after superfluous formalities and grotesque ceremonies, a hearing be granted, premises accepted, arguments acknowledged, objections on both sides exhausted, and the whole matter seem to have been made as distinct as a solitary pyramid in the desert, and as transparent as a pane of glass, the Celestial Machiavels will smile, wag their pigtailed, and ask to have the foreigners' request explained them. They have not understood. The Chinaman has the finest talent for indirection and misunderstanding. Arthur H. Smith writes, in "Chinese Characteristics," "of the wonderful fertility of even the most illiterate Chinese in the impromptu invention of plausible excuses," and that "nothing requires more skill than to guess what is meant by what is said." Mr. Smith exemplifies: "The cook was sent a long distance to the only available market, with instructions to buy a carp and a young fowl. He returns with no fish and three tough geese, which he thought were what you ordered. He did not 'understand' you." Deference and urbanity, by which Occidental diplomats are used to accomplish much, find no way through the labyrinthine mazes of Celestial tergiversation. Enchre was a game Ah Sin did not understand, and he

With the smile that was childlike and bland—and when his deception was discovered, he made no resistance to being punched and kicked. The Chinese are timorous, and that, thinks Mr. Colquhoun, is enough for the progressive statesman, who will henceforth not petition, nor even urge, but demand—with cannons at full-cock behind him.

The Chinese officials are very highly educated, but there are far too many of them, and, being underpaid, they live by malfeasance. The taxes are farmed, corruption and oppression result, and rebellions ensue, on a much larger scale than we have any idea of. Official dishonesty is universal, and sanctioned by custom. Interesting particulars about this are given in the chapters "Government and Administration" and "The Chinese People."

To Mr. Thomson's active and efficient camera and fluent pen we owe a highly attractive record of pictorial China. It is not every day that we see photographs of "Opium-Smoking," "Street-Gambling," "Buddhist Monks at Chess," an "Up-Country Farm," and a "Tartar Lady and Maid." And such paragraphs as "Peking enamelling," "Habits of the ladies," "Sacrificing to the dead," "Chinese guilds," "Clan fights," "Swatow fan-painters," etc., etc., must tempt many persons to acquaint themselves with things undreamed of in their four-wall philosophy. "Through China with a Camera" ought to be consulted by persons contemplating a visit to that country.

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JANICE MEREDITH

(Continued from page 14)

"You are not rid of us yet, you see, Miss Janice," he said.

"Nor wish to be, your Excellency," vouched the girl, as she set the tray on the table.

"I remember thy wish for our cause when last we met," went on the commander, "and who knows but it has served us in good stead this very morning? I had the vanity that day to think thy interest was for the general, but now I have unravelled it to its true source."

"Indeed," protested Janice, sorely puzzled by his words, "it was only thy—"

"Nay, nay, my dear," chided Washington, smiling pleasantly. "Tis nothing to be ashamed of, and I ought to have suspected that thy interest was due to some newer and brighter blade than an old one like myself. He is a lucky fellow to have won so charming a maid, and one brave enough to take such risk for him."

"La, your Excellency," stammered the girl, completely mystified, "I know not what you mean!"

Still smiling, Washington set down the tea he was now drinking and selected a paper from a pile on the table. "I have just been perusing Colonel Harcourt's report to General Grant, in reference to the traitorous conduct of one Janice Meredith, spinster, and it has informed me of much that Colonel Brereton chose to withhold, though he pretended to make me a full narration. The sly beau said 'twas the cook cut him loose, Miss Janice."

"Oh, prithee, General Washington," beseeched a very blushing young lady, "wilt please favor me by letting Colonel Brereton—who is less than nothing to me—read the report?"

"You take strange ways to prove thy lack of interest," rejoined the general, his eyes merry at the seeming contradiction.

"Tis indeed not as thou surmised," protested Janice, redder than ever; "but Colonel Brereton thought I was concerned in his captivity, and I would not believe a message I sent to him, and but just since he has cruelly insulted me, and so I want him to learn how shamefully he has misjudged me, so that he shall feel properly mean and low."

"That he shall," Washington assented, "and every man should be made to feel the same who lacks faith in your face, Miss Janice."

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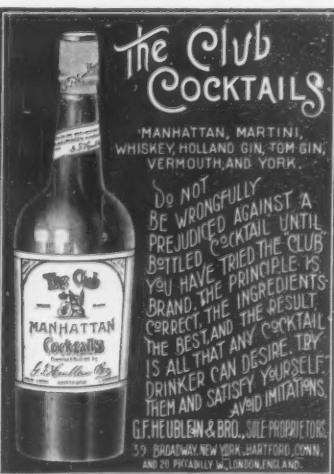
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ONE.
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THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

The rascal distinguished himself in this morning's affair, so I let him bear my despatches and the Hessian standard to Congress; however, as soon as he returns he shall smart for his sins, be assured. But, my dear," and here the eyes of the speaker twinkled, "when due punishment has been meted out, remember that forgiveness is one of your sex's greatest excellencies." Washington took the hand of the girl and bent over it. "Now leave me, for we have much to attend to before we can set to getting our prisoners across the river, out of reach of their friends."

Twenty-four hours later the village which had been so overburdened with soldiers was stripped as clear of them as if there were not one in the land. It took a day to get the thousand prisoners safely beyond the Delaware, and three more were spent in giving the Continentals a much-needed rest from the terrible exposure and fatigue they had undergone; but this done, Washington once more crossed the river and reoccupied Trenton, induced to take the risk by the word brought to him that the militia of New Jersey, driven to desperation by the British occupation, and heartened by the success of Trenton, were ready to rise if they had but a fighting point about which to rally.

The expectation proved erroneous, for the presence of the little force at Trenton was more than offset by the prompt mobilization of all the British troops in the State at Princeton, and the hurrying of Cornwallis, with reinforcements, from New York, to resume the command. As Washington's army mustered less than five thousand, one-third of whom were raw Pennsylvania militia, while that of the British general when concentrated exceeded eight thousand, the prudent elected to stay safely within doors and await the result of the coming conflict before deciding whether they should forget their recently signed oaths of allegiance and cast in their lot with the Continental cause.

Yet another difficulty, too, beset the commander-in-chief. The terms of the New England regiments expired on the last day of the year, and though the approach of the enemy made a speedy action certain, the men refused to re-enlist, or even to serve for a fortnight longer. Such was the desperate plight of the general that he finally offered them a bounty if they would but remain for six weeks, and, after much persuasion, more than half of them consented to stay the brief time. The army chest being wholly without funds, Washington pledged his personal fortune to the payment of the bounty, though in private he spoke scornfully of the regiments' "noble example" and "extraordinary attachment to their country," the fighting spirit too strong within him to enable him to understand desertion of the cause at such an hour.

Cornwallis lost not a moment, once his troops were gathered, in seeking vengeance for Trenton; and on January 2 spies brought word to Washington that the British were approaching in force by the Princeton post-road. A detachment was at once thrown forward to meet their advance, and for several hours every inch of ground was hotly contested. Then, the main body of the enemy having come up, the Americans fell back on their reserves, and the whole Continental army retreated through the village and across the bridge over Assanpink Creek, a tributary stream emptying into the Delaware just east of Trenton. Here the troops were ranged along the steep banks to renew the contest, the batteries being massed at the bridge and at the two fords. But it was now dark, and Cornwallis's troops having marched fifteen

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miles, the commander postponed the attack till the morning, and the two armies bivouacked for the night on opposite sides of the brook, within a hundred and fifty yards of each other.

"My lord," protested Sir William Erskine, when the order to encamp was given, "may not the enemy escape under cover of the night?"

"Where to?" demanded Cornwallis. "This time there will be no crossing of the Delaware, for we are too close on their heels; and if they retreat down the river, we can fight them when we please. A little success has undone Mr. Washington, and the fox is at last run to cover."

While at supper, the British commander was informed by an orderly that two civilians desired word with him, and without leaving the table he granted an audience.

"A petticoat, eh?" he muttered, as a man and woman entered the room, and then as the lady pushed back her chair, he ordered: "A chair for Miss Meredith, sergeant." The girl seated, he went on: "Sir William spoke of you to me just as I was leaving New York, and instructed me, if you are findable, to send you to New York. I faith, the general had more to say of your coming than he had of my teaching Mr. Washington a lesson. He told me to put you under charge of Evans without delay."

"But he was captivated," announced Mr. Drinker.

"So I learned at Princeton; therefore the matter must await my return."

"I have come with the young lady, my lord," spoke up Mr. Drinker, "to ask thy indulgence in behalf of herself and her father."

"Yes, Lord Cornwallis," said Janice, finding her tongue and eager to use it. "We came here to see General Grant, but he was away, and daddy had a slight attack of the gout, from a cold he took, and then he very rashly drank too much at Colonel Rahl's party, and that swelled his foot so that he's lain abed ever since, till to-day, when we thought to set out for Brunswick; but the snow having melted, our sleigh could not travel, and every one expecting a battle wanted to get out of town themselves, so we could get no carriage, nor even a cart." Here Miss Meredith paused for breath with which to go on.

"Friend Meredith," said Mr. Drinker, taking up the explanation, "though not able to set foot to the ground, conceives that he can travel on horseback by easy riding, and rather than risk remaining in a town that is like to be the scene of to-morrow's unrighteous slaughter, he hopes there will grant him permission and a pass to return to Brunswick."

"There will be no fight in the town to-morrow," asserted Cornwallis, "but there may be some artillery firing before we can carry their position, so 'tis no place for non-combatants, much less women. You can't do better than get back to Greenwood, where later I'll arrange to fulfil Sir William's orders. Make out a pass for two, Erskine. When do you wish to start, Miss Meredith?"

"Daddy said we'd get away before daylight, so as to be well out of town before the battle began."

"Wisely thought. The second brigade lies at Maidenhead and the fourth at Princeton, and as both have orders to join me, you'll meet them on the road. This paper, however, will make all easy."

"Thank you," said the girl gratefully, as she took the pass.

"Didst see Mr. Washington when he was in town?" inquired the earl of Mr. Drinker.

"Not I," replied the Quaker, "but friend Janice had word with him."

"You seem to play your cards to stand well with both commanders, Miss Meredith," intimated the officer, a little ironically. "Did the rebel general seem triumphant over his easy victory?"

"He said naught about it to me," answered Janice.

"Within a few hours he'll learn the difference between British regulars and half-drunk Hessians," Cornwallis glanced out of the window to where, a quarter of a mile away, could be seen the camp-fires of the Continental force burning brightly. "He'd best have done his bragging while he could."

(To be continued)

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A CHANGE IN THE COLORADO WATERSHED

THE tremendous snowfall of February and March in the mountain region of Colorado, which has proved such an obstacle to railroad travel, is likely to be followed by grave consequences. It is reported that the snow lies from twenty to forty feet deep along the Blue, the Gunnison, the Uncompahgre and the Roaring Fork Rivers, and that if the spring proves mild, there will be a freshet flowing into the Colorado which may change the face of that part of the country. The event would not be unprecedented. Such a freshet occurred in 1849, in 1867, and again in 1891, with consequences which dwellers in Southern California remember.

When freshets occur in level portions of the country, rivers overflow their banks and drown vast areas of land. The Colorado cannot do this, until the southern extremity of the canyon is passed; that is to say, a few miles south of Yuma. But that point reached, there is in San Diego County, California, an area of some thirty-nine hundred square miles which is desert, and for the most part below the level of the sea, which could swallow all the water the Colorado could carry down.

Just fifty years ago, the water in the Colorado rose above its western bank and broke into the desert, creating a river named New River, which was one hundred and seventeen miles long, and in places quite deep. It dried up. Twenty years afterward, the phenomenon was repeated, with the same result. Again, in 1891, a crevasse was reported in the Colorado, at a place called Algodones, some twenty miles below Yuma. The big river rose twenty-eight feet above high-water mark. A torrent broke through a bank clothed with mesquite trees, swept the bank away and sent the trees whirling. Before the break, the brown level of the plateau was bordered by bold mountains, whose color ranged from deep blue to purple and red; it was tenantless, and was intersected by ravines which extended for miles, and were sometimes thirty feet deep and about as wide. After the break, the whole region west of Algodones appeared to be a vast sea, varying in depth from fifteen inches to as many feet. In the heart of the desert is a hole known as the Salton Sink. Salt works have been erected at the

spot; water began to show at the bottom. Little pools of water also appeared at Alamos Muchos, thirty-three miles from Salton, where remains of the trunks of dead cottonwoods and dead mules gave proof of former human habitation; mud puddles also increased in size and number at Indian Wells.

It was then—in June, 1891—believed by many that the old lake was going to be resurrected, and that the Colorado desert was going to disappear from the face of the earth. Ingenious speculations on the effects of the change on the climate of Southern California appeared in the papers. But, with the summer of 1891, the water in the Colorado declined, and before the autumn there were only a few inches in the stream at Algodones. Meanwhile there was no relaxation in the terrific heat of the region now covered by water, and the evaporation was immense. Major Powell estimated the annual evaporation at a hundred inches, which is only about half the yearly evaporation in the Bay of Bengal. When the supply of water from the river fell off, while the loss from evaporation continued, it was a mere question of time when the new sea would dry up. That is what happened, and dreams of reclaiming the Sahara of California were postponed till now.

Whether the freshet of 1899 will throw into the great hollow more water than the sun can lick up remains to be seen. The process of throwing the surplus water of the Colorado into the desert could of course be assisted by engineering works on the river bank; it is possible that they may be attempted this year. Lieutenant Williamson of the Engineers, who surveyed the desert nearly half a century ago, under orders from Secretary Jefferson Davis, reported that "a large portion of the surface of the desert, formed of lacustrine and alluvial clay is capable of supporting a luxuriant growth of vegetation. It is of nearly the same composition as the alluvial bottom land of the Colorado, which is covered with a growth of mesquite, cottonwood, willows and grass. Good crops of corn, beans and melons are raised close by." Another writer said that "a sufficient supply of water to irrigate the Colorado desert would convert a hopeless waste which is a terror to travellers, and the home of horned toads and rattlesnakes, into the most productive portion of the most productive State of the Union."

It may pay to watch the reports of the water gauges on the Colorado.

JOHN BONNER.

WHEN SPRING LEADS SUMMER

When rosy Spring takes Summer's ready hand
To lead her to her own fair-smiling land,
She flies along the way with happy laughter,
While joyous Summer follows lightly after,
About the meads the flowers are blue and golden,
Still beckoning onward, as, in ages olden,
When this fair world was young, on sea and shore,
Fond visions led the daring to explore
Its bounds remote.

When Summer shows the way for Autumn's feet
Beside the standing corn or garnered wheat,
She loiters, all too happy in her straying,
And singing softly to the brooklet's playing
Upon the pebbles; and her hands are filling
With dusty globes of luscious wine, distilling
Their sweetness into life's glad, calm content,
With whose repose fond Memory has blent
Her tender note.

When Autumn points to Winter's frozen home,
And leaves the fields where she was wont to roam
To guide his footsteps, still her fondest longing
For scenes where once the happy hours came thronging
With ever new delight, breaks forth in weeping,
And oft she pauses to look back where, sleeping
In happy peace, the fertile valleys lie;
And as she looks the tears that dim the eye
Shut out the sight.

When Winter's frost is drifting down the air
And all the world is silent, cold and bare,
When through the leafless trees the wind is sighing,
The while across the sky the clouds are flying;
Then does the heart's despair break forth in sobbing
That seems one cry alone in all its throbbing;—
O, take me back again to those old days
When Spring led Summer through the dreamy maze
Of youth's delight.

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THE RAPIDS

THE HEAD OF PINE PORTAGE, NEPIGON RIVER

A TROUT HAUNT

TROUT FISHING ON THE FAR NORTH SHORE

BY W. S. HARWOOD

IF YOU HAVE plenty of endurance, and are made neither of sugar nor salt, and you would like such trout fishing as can be found nowhere else under the sun, then come with me and we shall forget there are such things as books and towns and traffic. We will stay just long enough in the wilderness to make our muscles taut and to fill our veins with the best liquor of life, brewed where the balsam scents the air, where the pines wave and the tamaracks toss their plumes and the trout streams sing by night and day. For to-day we are comrades of our bronze-black Indian guide: we are nomads, aborigines; the wild strain in our veins throbs on unchecked.

We may start from the land-locked harbor of Thunder Bay, one of the noblest harbors on the globe, fit to float the navies of the world. It lies near the intersection of the ninetieth degree of longitude and the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, almost at the centre of the American continent. It forms an arm of the mightiest body of fresh water on the globe.

You may have caught trout before. You may have known the thrill that comes when a mighty, broad-shouldered bass is a-tug on the line, and you may have fought it out with other game fish in our Western lakes and rivers, but on the far north shore you shall find an added joy.

We may go east or west from the little city of Port Arthur, in the province of Ontario, Canada, by steam tug down the shore toward Pigeon River, where our own boundary-line begins, or on to the right several hundreds of miles, even down to the swift-flowing Soo, and anywhere along this stern north shore we shall find splendid trout streams, many of them practically unfished, turbulent, noisy, brown as amber, swift as the flight of bird where the rapids rush. The sky has a wonderful brilliancy, just such a blue as I have seen in the Swedish sky away up inside the Arctic Circle as we drive out from the town for a day's fishing in the bush. For we can find fishing of the choicest kind without either going up or down the shore. Once there were giant pines on this rocky coast, but the fires of the centuries have done their cruel work. Here and there a noble frown shows green and beautiful amid the white and ghostly trunks.

Even in early fall you will need your heaviest winter clothing when we come to drive home in the frosty night. Our driver has brought us out six miles—the dense thicket of stunted jackpine, spruce, poplars, and birch is before us. So close is the copse you cannot see a person six feet ahead of you. We follow the trail for a while, but soon that must be abandoned, and we are in the heart of the Canadian bush. Perhaps you may want to pause a moment when we have been coming three miles or so through the thicket. You will be made of iron if you don't enjoy a moment of rest. Many a heavily laden bush of luscious red raspberries nods temptingly. You may pick by the double handful of the rich fruit, adding now and then the larger thimble berries, a full half-inch across their scarlet chalice. If you stumble out into the open you may eat your fill of the most delicious blueberries in the world.

On we go again, every step one of exertion—now a jump from one deceptive hummock of muskeg to another; now scaling a monstrous log, so slippery with its green moss you slide over its prone body into a mass of brackish water; now climbing the side of an almost perpendicular hill over the rocks and debris of the decades, while swish and slap and whack go the flying bushes as they close in about the pilgrim just ahead of you and give you many a spiteful clip on the face.

Around your head is a buzzing halo of mosquitoes, no-secums, that pestiferous mite of the woods, and the larger and even more vindictive black flies. They would be eating you up with the zest of long-fasting

cannibals were it not for the preparation of oil and drugs with which you have coated every inch of exposed skin.

But hark! a low, far-away strain of music. You will never forget its melody, played by the unseen fingers of the forest upon the delicate strings of the amber stream of the wilderness. You are mighty glad you can hear it, too, for four miles of such a tramp as this is all you want at once—fifteen miles afoot over good roads or fifty on a wheel wouldn't have put your muscles to such a test. Just as we are nearing the stream the guide, with an aboriginal grunt, points out the gaunt skeleton of a huge lynx hanging to a swaying aspen. Somebody has been ahead of us and taken the brute's pelt. There are plenty more like him, and you needn't be too much surprised at the sight of an athletic bear.

At last we part the branches before us. A laughing madcap stream is rushing past, now tumbling down stony rapids, now moving more sedately in a deeper channel, now widening out into a gentle pond between the high cliffs that rise, like the Palisades of the Hudson, hundreds of feet in air, now leaping a sheer precipice and sending its angry foam whirling and swirling in cool dark pools beneath the green arches supported by snowy pillars of poplar and birch.

One of the party makes ready for a photograph, for he has lugged his camera all the way, when whiz! zip! goes the end of a line through the amber waters of the laughing stream and a ten-inch trout is floundering in his neighbor's basket. The rare scene is forgotten, and that camera, speaking in similes, is dropped like a hot potato. Then the fun begins, and such fun as you never had before. It isn't a carefully kept preserve, to be sure; it's a wilderness, and you have to fight for all you get; but you get what you fight for, and a royal reward it is. You simply have to break and

push your way through the dense thicket to get from one point to another along the stream, and after you have landed a dozen or more splendid trout it will take you ten minutes to fight your way a dozen yards to another pool. But how they bite! How they dart and leap and dash away with your hook so swiftly and so defiantly it sends your blood through your veins with an electric tingle, while your basket strap tugs harder and harder upon your shoulder.

With a pair of hip-boots you may wade the stream to good advantage up or down, it matters not which; while from either shore or midstream you will catch until you are fairly surfeited. In the later season you will probably not have the success with flies that you will have in June or July. Mayhap it is a bit of fine heroism to refuse to catch a trout with a worm, but I have known of individuals who had become so fascinated with the splendid excitement of landing a six-pound brook trout after a thrilling fight of a quarter of an hour, who would even take an Indian's advice and make a cast with a piece of plebeian bacon rather than go home heroic but troutless.

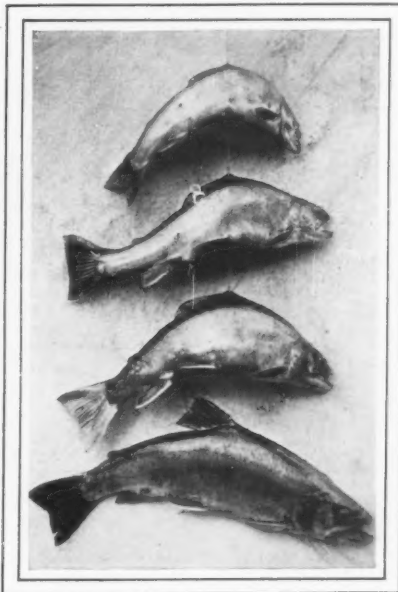
We have fished three hours, a party of four, not counting the guide—how many have we caught? One by one the heavy baskets are emptied upon the brown mould—thirty-five in one, fifty in another, sixty-three in another, twenty-eight in the smallest catch, one hundred and seventy-six all told.

The Canadian lawmakers are very strict in the enforcement of their laws, but at the same time they are very generous. No angler may take more than fifteen pounds of brook trout in a single day, and he must return to the stream uninjured any trout less than five inches in length. The trout we have caught in this wild forest stream are from six or seven inches up to a foot; not so large as those we shall hook in a larger stream, but princes of the royal blood, every one.

The moon is rising gloriously as we drive down the long hill overlooking the little city, lighting up the mighty form of old Nanibijou, the sleeping giant of the bay, as he lies in vast strength where he has lain these many centuries since first the Indians discovered him in his eternal repose.

Another day we may take a steam tug and go down the bay a score of miles or so with plenty of provisions, and canoes for the party. We land at the mouth of Carp River, where it comes surging down between the noble cliffs. It is a narrow stream less than three miles long, and yet falling from its source, up in the low mountains, nearly eight hundred feet in its short course. It rises in Lake Kazzokeegewaigwaigwaig. I do not know why the Indians call it Kazzokeegewaigwaigwaig, unless it was that some college or other might have a new yell. Loch Lomond the white men call it. In the earlier September days this river is literally alive with noble trout weighing all the way from two to five pounds, fish that will tax your utmost skill to land, game to the last gasp.

In such a place you will need to be strictly on honor or you will have fished out and over your fifteen-pound limit. The fish seem to show no diminution through the years, and all the season through there is royal sport in the swift-flowing Carp. If you are wise you will arrange to have the tug take you back at the end of your outing, and you will not attempt, as did a party I was a member of, to paddle and sail down the lake in the canoes brought up for use in the deep, narrow lake at the head of the river. A birch-bark canoe with a sail up on Lake Superior in a squall has no more charms for me. If a huge whitecap overturn you—well, follow the customary advice—"Hang on to the canoe and it will hang on to you"—and you may be blown inshore, if the wind is right; but you may also be chilled to the marrow in ten minutes in the icy



PART OF A MORNING'S CATCH

waters of the far north shore and be forced to unloosen your cramped fingers. And you won't come up from the bottom of Lake Superior till the Judgment Day.

But you aren't satisfied yet; you want one more fish—you want to go where the biggest brook trout in the world are caught.

So you pay the foreign angler's fee of five dollars, hire an outfit of canoes, tents, and Indians, and you are off on the biggest of all trout streams, the noble Nepigon. Here you may be lucky enough to land a brook trout, a genuine brook trout, weighing four pounds, five pounds—yes, even six pounds or six and a half—with all the concentrated agility of a score of tiny trout and with not a trace of senility in his aged frame.

The Nepigon runs from Nepigon Lake, a large body of water five hundred miles in circumference, and nearly three hundred feet higher than Lake Superior. The river is only about forty miles from lake to lake as the bee flies. Several small lakes form wide places in the river as you go up. Here and there are easy portages, and there is seldom a place where you may not find royal fishing. I have been told that the Canadian Government was offered one hundred thousand dollars by an American firm, a fish company, for the privilege of fishing the Nepigon, and the Government very wisely refused it.

Fish wardens patrol the river all through the season, to see that no one catches more than fifteen pounds in a day and to see, also, that all camps are kept scrupu-



WHIPPING THE NEPIGON

OUR PARIS LETTER

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

PARIS, March 25, 1899

THE JOYOUS festivities of the Mi-Careme brought a lull which, after the political storms of last month, seemed to be welcomed by everybody. The masquerades were up to the average of that sort of thing—the same lines of tawdry floats seen in the towns of the Mississippi Valley at their Mardi-Gras, Rex, Comus or Veiled Prophet processions.

But, having seen it this year for the first time, I vote without hesitation that the battle of *confetti* is the greatest thing ever invented in the way of public merry-making.

From three o'clock in the afternoon to twelve at night the boulevards in the Latin Quarter, as well as on the right side, were filled with the most picturesque, jolliest crowds imaginable. The good-humored way in which well-dressed aristocrats mingled into a jostling throng with the shopgirls and workmen of the faubourgs, all exchanging the tiny, gayly-colored projectiles, was a great lesson in democracy, as well as a fine display of the best traits of the French character.

Likewise, I found the Bal Masqué de l'Opéra a pleasurable enough affair—full of artistic color and refined *laissez-aller*. The opera palace, however awkward its over-wealthy exterior is, certainly provides the ideal frame of gorgeous stateliness for jollifications of that sort. How far superior all that to the disgusting exhibitions held periodically in the dust-clouded, liquor-beclouded atmosphere of the Madison Square barn. Our beautiful American metropolis could certainly do as well as Paris in this respect; but the artists of New York must have a hand in the organization, and the tongs of both sexes must be rigorously kept out.

After the ridiculous fiasco of Déroulede's attempt to lead General Roget and his troops against the Palais de l'Elysée, even the most irremediably cracked of the lunatics, who imagined that the Republic could now be overthrown as easily as in 1851, are beginning to realize that a change has taken place. The immense majority in the French nation is Republican, heart and soul; and the collaboration of even all its officers could not make the army an instrument of coup d'état.

The military force does not reside in the little band of professionals who are paid to drill citizens for war work. During the three years spent in the barracks by all Frenchmen, very few gain the military spirit that would insure blind obedience to treacherous orders. On the contrary, as soon as ensnared in the uniform, they aspire to the end of their service, to the happiness of returning home to private life. When one is familiar with the way in which officers and politics are openly discussed by the soldiers of France, there can be no doubt whatever in the mind that, if ordered to march for an overthrow of their liberties, most regiments would rebel violently, and doubtless proceed to a wholesale lynching of generals and colonels.

French politics are just at present unusually calm. The various "patriotic" and "nationalist" leagues with which the country is burdened had announced, as you know, that they would force out the new President within a month after his election. But M. Loubet has come to stay. From the beginning all sober-minded persons were with him; and now his placid firmness has disconnected his most bitter assailants. In his new functions he has so far displayed a dignified modesty which M. Félix Faure had disaccustomed Parisians from expecting in the Chief of State. M. Loubet moved into the Elysée Palace without creating a tittle of the commotion his predecessor used to produce in the streets when he went for an ordinary morning drive. He is a son of the soil, belonging to that landed peasantry which is the mainstay of France, and he shows rare common sense in retaining a good deal of the peasant's simplicity in his polished politician's make-up.

The election of M. Fallières to the high office of President of the Senate is a good sign of the new order of things. Choosing the man who led the opposition against the bill for taking the Dreyfus case from the

Criminal Chamber, the Senators show they voted that bill under protest, as it were—simply because it seemed unwise to add the complication of a change of Ministers to the present troubles. But the higher legislative body will not forgive M. Dupuy for having taken advantage of the situation, and will twist his political neck as soon as an opportunity offers to do it without creating too painful a crisis. Meanwhile M. Fallières is elected. It may be taken as another proof that the backbone of the opposition to justice was broken when Félix Faure passed away.

Major Esterhazy has been again unburdening himself, and when Esterhazy speaks he is always interesting.

One picturesque feature, in the major's latest pamphlet, is the description of his meetings in cemeteries and other unfrequented parts of the capital with officers of the staff, disguised with wigs, blue goggles, false beards, and other stage properties.

This Dreyfus affair presents itself more and more under the aspects of a furious melodrama, culminated by scenes of roaring farce.

Some pleasanties in the play, however, are rather uncanny. Such is the one perpetrated on Dreyfus, for instance. Such also is the recent introduction of finely broken glass into Colonel Picquart's prison omelets. This last story, which has just come out, is corroborated by no less a person than the chief of the prison; he admits the glass, but, of course, swears it got mixed up with the eggs by an accidental oversight in the kitchen.

The Toulon catastrophe is still the subject of much discussion. After having somewhat recovered from the horror of the accident, the people are demanding to know the causes of this great loss of life. There seems to be no valid reason why two of the main powder magazines of the navy should have been built so near large agglomerations of dwelling-houses. The suburban village of Lagoubran was wrecked, and that is bad enough; but if the more important of the two storage buildings had caught, fire experts say the whole city of Toulon would have been practically wiped out.

Of course no credence is to be given to the howling of sensational papers which find it expedient to discover the hand of the perfidious foreigner in everything. Neither England nor Germany need resort to such tactics, and no agents of these powers would entertain any such proposal. The speech of M. Lockroy, Minister of the Navy, who, with grave, mysterious reticence, announced that an investigation was proceeding along lines he could not divulge, was merely a crafty move to put off an annoying demand of explanations.

It is well known that at the time of the Fashoda excitement ammunition was piled up into the destroyed magazine in enormous quantities, without the habitual tests as to packing, state of dryness, chemical purity, etc. . . . In all probability, this neglect of precautions is responsible for the death of those sixty people and the maiming of the one hundred and twenty more. Lockroy would prefer to have the public thinking of foreign spies and conspirators.

His intimations in the Chamber were especially laughable to me, for some six months ago I interviewed M. Lockroy in behalf of the New York daily newspaper I represent, and in the course of the conversation I remember how strongly he expressed himself in regard to the findings of the American board of naval officers who had inquired into the Maine disaster. According to the French Minister, the idea that Spain had blown up our warship was absolutely preposterous. "The new smokeless gunpowders," he said, "are exceedingly unstable compounds; under conditions as yet, ill-determined, chemical decomposition will take place, and when everything seems all right, a fearful explosion will come, to show how little we know about handling these dangerous stuffs. On board our warships, and also on board English ones, accidents of a like character have taken place several times recently, although they never resulted as seriously as with the Maine. Be sure of one thing, spontaneous combustion, and not Spain, is guilty. Civilized nations are past the stage when they would or could afford to use such means of warfare."

lously free from all dirt and refuse. The Indian guides and canoe men have a very clever way of skinning any especially sizeable trout, fastening one-half of the skin to a broad piece of birch-bark so that it will show the outlines of the trout, and placing it all in a frame made of birch branches. The trout of the Nepigon, as indeed of most of the larger streams, are lighter in color than those of the forest. The water in the forest brooks in late summer is very dark, not at all clear and sparkling, but of a rich brown, an amber where it glides out over a hidden rock; and the fish follow the color.

The sun is going down in a bank of gorgeous clouds away off over the low mountains; the light is falling tenderly on the giant form of the long-dead Nanibijou; the restless steamer at the low wharf has given three loud, deep-chested whistles; the gangplank is swung aboard and the prow is plowing the icy waters of the great lake. Business or college friends and home are in the distance, away over the blue-green waters, and eagerly longed for. The terraced town on the shores of the noble bay has hung out its twinkling lights. The scent of the balsam, the waving of the tamarack tops, the quivering of the aspens and birches in the gentle breeze below the sapphire sky, the low buzz of innumerable insect life, the wild free life of the forest, the soft magic music of the stream in the woods—they all blend into one beautiful memory picture as the lapping waves of the mighty lake lull you to sleep while your noble ship steams southward far through the starry September night.

The Minister now finds it convenient to forget his former convictions. But never mind that.

The point which interests all of us is whether the new smokeless compounds really do ignite spontaneously sometimes; whether all the fine modern warships are as so many dangerous volcanoes.

If this be so, there are some men entitled to a fine raising of wages. HENRI DUMAY.

CUBAN BANDITS IN SANTIAGO PROVINCE

(See Double Page)

WHAT WAS SAID would happen has happened. The turbulent part of Garcia's old troops "has gone off the reservation." It is likely that more will go in other provinces, and then it is "up to us." That is a part of the game. We opened a jack-pot and we have got to stay.

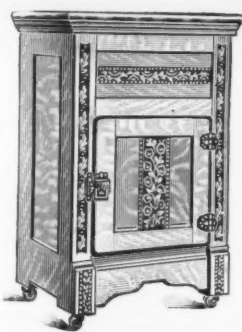
We may feel comfortable from the fact that General Wood is commanding the province of Santiago. As a youngster he followed a more sprightly people over a worse and a bigger country, and he brought Geronimo's Apaches in. If he is furnished with what force he asks for he will in time quiet the country.

It is a mountainous region, covered with dense jungle, and utterly wild. The predatory bands of negro soldiery have roamed it for years. They know its trails, its fastnesses, and its commissary resources. They will be in collusion with townspeople who will renew their ammunition, and they will have perfect information of our troop movements. They will ambush us in bands, and then disperse as individuals. The country is hot and not healthy. So much for their part. And, oh! "least we forget," we will in all human probabilities do what we always have done under similar circumstances—send them a Peace Commission. This will grovel and whine and make "heap good talk"; give them rations and ammunition, and ask them please to be good. Never having been good, they will go out in the jungle and laugh at us. They will feel that we are afraid of them. They will murder and rob some more, and then, having gotten through with this murderous foolishness, which is traditional with us, General Wood will be asked to take up the "soldiers' burden." He will not be given a proper force. Then will ensue one of those desperate bush-whacking wars, with the bulk of the advantage on the guerillas' side. It is history that the other fellows will have to get off the earth in the long run, but it will use up plenty of good American soldiers and cost no end of money and anxiety. The only real good that ever comes of such wars is that they develop many clever young officers and make tried-out soldiers for our future use. They are the real school-grounds for the art of war.

For our part, what we should do is to "declare them handitti." Take off the "close season" on them, as it were; offer rewards for their heads; put bands of Cuban auxiliary troops after them; stock the old Spanish block-houses with food and grain under our infantry, so that our operations could be fast and continuous, and then go in. The Spanish stayed in their block-houses or only marched a heavy column a day or so outside their own lines. The Cuban guerillas will expect us to do this—whereat they will run midship high on the shoals of error. With our infantry split up into small squads, and put out to form ambushes all over a province, we could send mounted troops with pack-trains which could be grain-fed from the block-houses on their trail. These grain-fed horses would soon put the riders of the grass-fed ponies afoot. These guerillas would not be able to stop our cavalry by fighting, and if they could be made to fight that would be all we could ask. In running away from our continuous pursuit, they would be at all times liable to run into the constantly shifting infantry ambushes, which would greatly demoralize them.

This would be a nasty business, but I believe what we have to do could be done better in this way than in any other. It is the old tactics which Miles employed against Geronimo, and that old man was a problem in his day. Furthermore, let it be remembered that we will see many dark moons before Cuba is rid of bandits.

FREDERIC REMINGTON.



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For this Quaker Valley Refrigerator. Don't pay a retailer double, and then not get Quaker Valley workmanship. Size, 39 in. high, 24 in. wide, 17 in. deep. Antique ash, handsomely ornamented casings; solid bronze trimmings; perfect insulation, insuring economy in ice consumption; ball-bearing, self-retaining casters. Purchaser pays freight, which averages 40 cents for 500 miles. Order to-day. You don't have to keep it if you don't like it—we don't want you to—we'd rather not have your money.

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will be sold at \$16.75 each, just one-third their real

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proved two-piece crank, detachable sprockets, arch crown, barrel hubs and

hanger, 2 1/2 in. drop, finest nickel and enamel; colors, black, maroon and

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best three-tier and high-grade equipment throughout. Our written guarantee with every bicycle.

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gents', color and height of frame wanted, and we will ship C. O. D. for the

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From best seamless tubing, finest two-piece Denton hanger, finest full ball bearings, Mason Arch crown, enameled black,

green or maroon, highly nickel finished, Delhi padded saddle, up or down turn handle bars, best Doyle pedals, HIGH

GRADE GUARANTEED REGAL PNEUMATIC TIRES, fine leather bag, complete with all tools and repair outfit.

ORDER TODAY. YOU CAN HAVE \$150.00 WORTH SELLING THESE WHEELS AT \$25.00

CATALOGUE FREE. SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Handle bars, up or down

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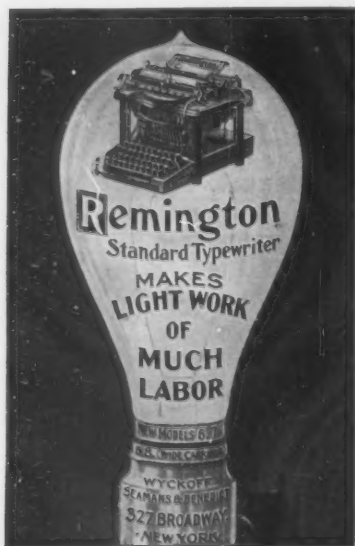
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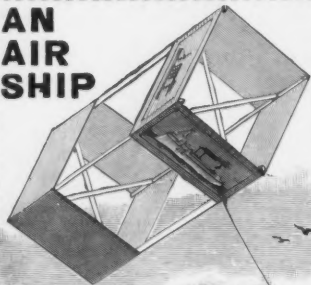
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